

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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RECORDS OF SARATOGA.

By our Special Correspondent.

ARRIVED at Saratoga.

"Saratoga," shouted a diminutive individual with stentorian lungs, with lettering on his hat spelling Conductor.

"Saratoga," echoed a chorus of surprised old women, pretty girls, glum gents and little children.

A creaking of the brakes, a sudden jerk, almost threw us from our seats, and we were brought to a dead stop. Artist and myself, with baggage almost as light as the Arkansas traveller (viz., pair of spurs, shirt collar and bowie knife), landed safely on the platform. Wonderful state of quietude! Huge transformation! No whips thrust in our eyes, noses, and down our throats! No buzz and roar of "Carriage, sir, carriage!" We imagined we were in a new country—no confusion—no disorder—most admirable arrangement. A row of signs denominating different hotels, and beneath each stood their respective porters.

"Baggage checks, sir," whispered a gentleman in shirt sleeves, who seemed afraid that a policeman would overhear him. Another whisper. "This way to the omnibus, sir; all right, driver-rr!" and away we went rattling by the United States Hotel down the principal street to the hotel we were about to honor with our presence.

A dignified gentleman dressed in black, took our kidded hand in his; there was a grasp of semi-friendship and welcome, and we were partially lifted to the pavement. We entered the office. Frightful news! White-vested, gold-chained, high-shirt-collared, moustachied clerk to arrivals, "Have to colonize you gentlemen—can't help it—all full—not a room in the house—splendid time though—nice rooms—plenty of Congress water—quantities to eat—lots of girls, &c., &c." Here the clerk, having exhausted his ideas and his lungs, struck a beautiful attitude for an artistic sketch, and placing his pen behind his ear, waited to perceive the effect which his eloquence would produce. As we had to be colonized—that is, to be farmed out, to be quartered upon some private houses engaged by the proprietors of hotels to be the recipients of their overflowing visitors—we were furnished with a card to the person on whose house we were to be billeted. A diminutive specimen of the African shores, with small eyes and a gigantic mouth, and with the usual curled cocoanut, desired us to follow him. It was a warm, a very warm



SKETCH OF THE "OLD-ST INHABITANT," WHO HAS VISITED SARATOGA FOR FORTY YEARS

day. The continued admixture of perspiration and dust had given us a brown stone front appearance. We were completely stuccoed, and besides this, exhausted. Down the street, up an alley, round the corner, through a garden, into another street, and there, shaded by some glorious old trees, with clean white railings in front, a nice wicket gate, a little brick path, lots of roses, sweet peas and dahlias in the garden, we found a cottage. It was kept by a widow. She came to the door neatly dressed in black, with a pleasant smile upon her face, and speaking to us in most musical tones, she informed us this was the cottage where we were to be colonized. Here, having found our room, and the juvenile negro having disappeared, we desire respectfully to inform the reader, that colonizing is an institution, and that the traveller, under this supreme regulation, must not suppose that because he puts his name upon the book of a hotel he is about to become a resident of the house. Not at all; he may find himself located a full mile from the hotel. If he is an invalid the exercise will do him good. Calculate this exercise per day:

	MILES.
From room to breakfast at hotel	1
Return from breakfast to room	1
From room to dinner	1
Return from dinner to room	1
From room to tea	1
Return from tea to room	1
From room to hop at hotel	1
From hop home to room	1
To prom enading during day	3
To dancing and walking to Congress Spring	2
Total	13

Thus to dyspeptic, gouty, rheumatic and aged males and females, this arrangement will have the effect of increasing the muscular power of the limbs.

We are decked like a god, shaved splendidly, dressed in white, in fact, "got up regardless of all expense."

Congress Spring in the Morning.

As we join in the procession to the Spring, we are informed at this early hour, viz: seven A. M., that there are two newspapers in Saratoga.



LIFE SKETCHES AT SARATOGA, BY OUR OWN ARTIST—MORNING SCENE AT CONGRESS SPRING.

toga. "Ere's the *Daily Saratogian*; got a letter from an old bachelor at Union Hall," thus cries one ragged boy with very sore eyes and shoeless feet. Opposition crieth thus, "Here's the *Daily News*; got a Pome on Fashion, written by a stranger in Saratogee." We buy these papers; we make a careful examination; we express our astonishment! Alas! when will the lion and the lamb lie down together? Even Congress water, that mighty balm of all diseases, has not the power to make editors cease warfare. Were we to believe these papers, both editors are scoundrels. Mahommed he thanked, we know them both; we have seen them linked arm in arm; we know they only write in a Pickwickian sense, and that no harm can befall them. Gentlemen editors, you have two good papers, and every one is pleased to read them. (We charge nothing for this puff.)

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A SUMMER RAMBLE.

STAY to-day! In vain, sweet Sage,
Thou bendest o'er the lettered page,
'Tis only with thine eyes;
Thy roving heart the woods explores,
Bounds o'er the blooming plain, or soars,
Bird like, to yon blue skies.
Come, let the weary penance end;
'Tis sin in doors the hours to spend
On such a day as this.
See the wild rose-buds crimsoning;
It is the blush of lingering Spring
'Neath Summer's earliest kiss.
What joy to pluck in the green lane
The hawthorn blossoms which remain—
Last month's delicious boon—
The wild bee's drowsy song to hear,
The linnet tremulously clear,
And hidden streamlet's tune.
Aton a winding road we tread,
Where sycamore is blent o'erhead
With bright laburnum's chain;
Then over far fields wend our way,
Some fragrant with the new-mown hay,
Some rich in waving grain.

At last we reach a still retreat,
A copse arbor fair and sweet,
With woodbine shaded o'er;
Where we can view the silvery waves,
As spirits rising from their graves,
Break on the lone seashore.

While there in dreamy bliss we lie,
The summer-day goes slowly by,
But 'twas not idly spent;
Since we have steeped our senses dull
In all the pure and beautiful
Which God for them hath sent.

DOMESTIC MISCELLANY

Criminal Comfort Down South.—Jefferson county, Texas, has no jail, in lieu of which, persons sentenced to confinement are fastened, night and day, to a rock in the public square, by a chain attached to the ankle. If the prisoner's offense is light, or he has previously borne a good character, he is allowed an umbrella to protect himself from the sun and rain.

Snake Fecundity.—W. M. B. Goodwin killed a snake on his farm near Fredericksburg, Va., last week, known as the garner snake. It was a female, and though only thirty-five inches in length, contained sixty-one young ones.

A Self-Puffing Editor.—The editor of the *Arkansas News*, in enlarging the popularity of his paper, gives the following as a sample of the readers for whom he has the honor to cater: "Lawyers read it! Doctors read it! Preachers read it! The devil reads it!!!! Horace Greeley reads it!!!! James Gordon Bennett reads it!!!!!!" Good gracious.

One Way to Settle an Account.—A fellow went into a dining saloon in New Haven a few evenings since and ordered a porter house steak with "trimmings." Three quarters of an hour passed, and still he came not forth from the stall where he was at. Finally, the proprietor thought he would look in, just to see what the stranger was about. What was his surprise to find that his customer had left by an open window, not only leaving his bill unpaid, but taking the pepper and mustard boxes along with him!

A Great Outrage.—The frequency with which we hear of insults and outrages offered to women is a very painful feature in our social state. We read every day of women being ravished in the midst of populous neighborhoods, and of being carried off into woods for the same purpose. Something ought to be done to render women more secure. A terrible change in this respect has come over the American manners, for it was the boast of our writers thirty years ago that a woman might travel all over the States without an escort. The betrayal of personal friendship is another affair, and it demands a different treatment. A case occurred last month at Bulls Ferry, New Jersey, which is now undergoing a judicial investigation.

It appears that a young lady was on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Hollyer, when she went into a shrubbery to pick some berries. While she was thus engaged, Mr. Hollyer entered the enclosure, and, after picking a few berries, he threw his arms around her waist and kissed her. She resented the freedom, and was about escaping from his rofling grasp, when he threw her down and perpetrated the offence. Upon her return her agitation brought on a fever, and she was confined to her bed. In the course of the following day she told his wife what had occurred. Her grief was great; but, to avoid scandal, she begged her friend to overlook it. Her friends, however, hearing of it, have insisted upon the man's arrest, and the whole case will shortly be brought before the proper tribunal.

Freaks of a Bull Chase in New York.—One day last week an exciting chase came off in Broome street. An ox, which was being led to the slaughter-house of Mr. Charles Cornell, President of the Board of C. C. Cornell, in Forsyth street, near Stanton, escaped from his keeper, and dashed off at a furious pace down Forsyth street to Broome, down Broome street to E. M. down Elm street to Walker, and thence to Centre street, and, as usual on such occasions, an unusual crowd soon gathered and followed the infuriated animal, causing him to become more violent than ever. In his mad career he knocked down all who opposed his progress, and severely injured several persons. Among others, he knocked down Patrick Foley and his child, of No. 94 Baxter street, who were walking on the sidewalk. They were picked up in a state of insensibility and carried to a drug store, where proper rest remedies were applied. A small boy, residing in the eighth ward, whose name could not be ascertained, was also knocked down. The stoop of 121 Walker street was demolished, as was also the tailor shop of John Parmelee, at the corner of Walker and Centre streets, into which the animal dashed.

Councilman H. N. Wild and Casper C. Childs had a very narrow escape. They were talking with Mr. McMillan, of the *Express*, when the infuriated beast made a rush at them. Quick as thought, Mr. McMillan waved before the eyes of the beast the first edition of the *Express*. The terrified animal immediately turned and smashed the glass door of John Lynch's store, at the corner of Centre and Canal streets, and the inmates of the place were greatly terrified by the sudden irruption of the animal. It then ran down from whom he had escaped came up, and seizing the leading rope, which was fastened around his horns, attempted to make it fast to an awning post. But again the ox escaped, the rope which his driver had hold of extending round his thumb and stripping off the flesh to the bone. The police fired eight balls from their revolvers into the animal, but with no more effect than to make him more furious than before, and no doubt he would have done much more injury to life and limb, had not his keeper again come up and caught hold of the rope. The animal turned upon him, bellowing with rage, and gave him a severe blow from behind with his horns, and attempted to throw him into the air. The man extricated himself, however, by a dexterous movement, and quick as thought cut the animal's throat with his knife, thus putting him beyond the power of doing any further harm.

The Cowardice of the Press.—We had occasion some time ago to notice the activity with which the press publish every item of police intelligence, by which crime is too often fixed upon an innocent man. On the other hand they tenderly suppress for a valuable consideration the names of wealthy or influential criminals. The Chicago *Journal* records the suicide of the baggage-master of the Central Railroad, a Mr. Griffith, who being "busted down" by a villainous Rhylone, destroyed himself. But while the Chicago *Journal* publishes the name of the unhappy victim, there is no mention made of the merciless fiend who was the cause of his death. Why this tenderness? Will any one send it to us, that the public may know who he is? The facts are these:

Soon after he obtained his new situation, at a salary of sixty dollars per month, one of his creditors, who held a note against him to the amount of one hundred dollars, sought him out and requested a settlement.

Subsequently his creditor sued the note and getting judgment, garnished his wages for the past month, so that when pay-day came he found himself penniless, and utterly without means to support his family for the coming

month. And fearful to his difficulties he received notice from the Company that they could not be annoyed with garnishments, and unless he could make some arrangement to prevent their recurrence, they should fill his place.

In this dilemma he sought out his creditor (for the attorney), and requested him to be content with twenty-five dollars of the money, and leave him thirty-five dollars to support his family. To this the creditor refused to consent, expressing his intention to keep what he had got.

After the interview he appeared very despondent. About five o'clock on Wednesday his wife found him upon the bed, apparently in a fit. A physician was sent for, but could afford him no aid, and he expired about eight o'clock. In the room were found two ounces of cyanide of potassium in a small quantity of laudanum in a tin, and a letter to the effect of his death.

The creditor obtained a portion of his note in cash. He should garnish a widow's tears and orphan's cries for the balance.

Two Boys Smothered to Death.—A small boat was being towed with wheat from Gillet's warehouse in Westport, by spouting it in from the bottom of a bin twelve feet deep, when two boys, named James Cullen and John Dally, aged respectively about twelve and ten years, seeing the wheat rapidly settle in the centre of the bin, thought it would be a fine source of amusement to play in it; accordingly both at once jumped into the rapidly settling centre, and no sooner had they struck the wheat than they began to get it with it and the surrounding wheat to cave in and about them so rapidly that they could not extricate themselves.

A smaller boy standing by gave the alarm, and in a moment a workman jumped in to rescue them, and actually got hold of them before they were below the grain, but they went down so fast, and he with them, that it was with the greatest effort on getting hold of the side of the bin that he got out himself, and ran to shut off the flow, which was only the work of a moment.

The alarm was given, and all hands rushed to the rescue, but they had been carried below the level of the grain, and after about fifteen minutes of the most strenuous exertion, they were exhausted, but not till life was extinct in both. They were found standing straight up, their hands by their sides and hats on. They were two fine boys of worthy parents, who feel their sudden loss most keenly.

Hoops Again.—The Boston *Post* correspondent at Newport gives the following incident:

An amusing incident occurred here at the Union a few days ago, which I must give for the entertainment of the public. A Quaker lady, on going to her room, found there a parcel of considerable size, directed simply by the number of the apartment. The lady, having ordered the parcel to be sent to her room, felt quite sure that it must belong to some one else, and at once carried it to the office. "But it must be yours," said the clerk; "the number is all right." "No," said the Quakeress, "it is not mine; but these may open the bundle if these likes, and that may explain the matter." The clerk opened the parcel, and out sprang a set of steel hoops of formidable proportions! The lady made a more decided disclaimer than ever, with the most graceful smiles, and the clerk's heartiest glances of the spectators. Solution of the mystery—the package had been directed for No. 223, but was marked No. 323, just one hundred, you see, wide of the mark.

Did in a Bottle.—One of the emvies in the cooper shop at Auburn prison, was missing on Thursday noon, and notwithstanding a vigilant and careful search was made, he was not found until he had been about forty-two hours. The whole prison yard and shops were thoroughly searched without avail. Finally it was determined to examine the large boiler in the cooper shop, when lo! and behold, it was found that the convict had taken up his quarters inside. The boiler had a large quantity of water in it, in which the convict had been for forty-two hours. During that time he had only one ration of bread to eat. It was supposed that he must have taken refuge in the boiler, into which the furnace to the boiler discharges its smoke, and for the purpose of driving him out, if there a fire was kindled under the boiler. The convict says that when the water began to grow warm, he had serious apprehensions that a hot steam would be his portion.

The Croton Water.—The excitement about the disagreeable taste of the Croton water has somewhat abated. From a careful investigation it seems that it is caused by the recent heavy rains, which have washed the clay and vegetable matter into the lakes. This disgusting has become decomposed and discolored and discolored the water. It is, however, as well for our readers not to drink any more than they can help. A little brandy is allowable under such circumstances. It is somewhat unfortunate for the temperance people that they are condemned to drink lager beer and toddy for a season. Even our friend Hildreth is obliged to qualify under such an aqueous infliction. For the benefit of those who have conscientious scruples against the use of alcohol, we inform them that one of the most accomplished chemists of the day, Dr. Henry Smith of Cincinnati, recommends the use of fresh charcoal in the proportion of half an ounce to the gallon; this simple remedy purifies it in quality and deprives it of every particle of unpleasant taste and smell. A filter, however, is the best and readiest of all methods.

The Mortar Case in New York.—Pope and archbishops are unteachable. De spite the oim attaching to the present a timable tigt of the Vatican, in consequence of his Mortar decision, Dr. Cummings and archbishop Hughes are now under a similar sensation. We call upon that faithful son of the infallible Church, the *Harold*, to speak out on the subject. There is a painful impression abroad that a l the missing children for the last twenty years have been converted into little Catholic priests, just as all the little missing dogs have been made into sausages, and all the cats into mutton pies. Will the *Harold* elucidate?

The Evening Post.—With all its bitterness, this most venerable of the great British press has freshness and vigor. It is the Lord Lyndhurst of the New York press. Sententious and sensible, even if a little slow-witted now and then. It is, however, decidedly profane. It has no more respect for established institutions than Gerrit Smith has for a prison, Parkes for a dog, or Charles Dickens for married vows. It had the other day an account of the ennobling of a policeman in H.oken, by the Iron hand of Brigadier General Hildreth. These little bits of exaggerated scandal are outrageous; all who know the Brigadier know that he would not hurt a mouse, except in battle.

A Chance for Girls.—The Agricultural Society which holds its fair at Dundee, Michigan, in October, offers a premium of five dollars to the young lady who will pare a peck of potatoes in the shortest time and do it the best.

Crockett's Log Cabin.—On the Mobile and Ohio railroad, not far from Jackson, in Tennessee, says an exchange paper, still stands the humble log cabin, eighteen by twenty feet in size, built and occupied while he lived in the district, by the famous David Crockett. Its logs are fast decaying, and decay surrounds it, but no traveler passes it without an eager desire to look upon the humble roof that sheltered one of the truest representatives of the American pioneer character—a hero and an honest man. Near it a railroad station, called Crockett's station; around it, perhaps, will rise a town to bear and perpetuate a name as familiar to his countrymen as that of Jackson.

Pat Man Exclusiveness.—We are told by a Buffalo paper that there has been organized in Liverpool a base ball club, composed wholly of fat men—none weighing less than three hundred being admitted. The name of the association is the "Paunches, Plump B. B. Club." The club resolved to have a turning-table erected, on which the bases are to revolve.

Gipsies in a Mode.—A month ago, a company of eleven ladies and gentlemen of Buffalo, New York, upon a pleasure trip to the South, taking a novel mode of travelling. They have a large coach like an omnibus in which they travel, and carry with them a tent sufficiently large to accommodate the entire company, and camp out, much after the gipsy fashion, though in better style. They arrived near Bladenburgh a day or two ago, and pitched their tent near the toll gate. They have spent some days in visiting the public buildings and seeing the sights in the metropolis. It is the plan of the company to spend two months in this trip, and they design to winter at some point on the Gulf coasts.

Western Slender.—A Kentucky Widow in Court.—We understand says the Louisville *Courier*, that a few days since, in the Circuit Court of Newton county, there occurred a suit for slender, the points in the case growing out of the marriage of the Rev. Mr. Vickers to a widow Thompson, both of that county, which took place a year and a half or two years ago. The nuptial knot, it appears, was tied in Cincinnati; at any rate, the license to solemnize the marriage was procured in the Probate Court in that city. The reverend gentleman, it appears, was sick of his bargain the "day after the wedding," that they separated and have not lived together since. The defendant, Mrs. Thompson, is a widow, an admirer of Mr. Vickers, was exceedingly shocked that his friend should take unto him the widow Thompson for wife, and in an excited state of mind he circulated reports about the woman rather derogatory, as she thought, to her character—reports that were not very flattering to her chastity—and the lady brought suit against him for slander. The answer of the respondent in Court was, that the charges he had preferred were true, and he would prove them, and so the trial commenced. The language denouncing the slander was, that Mrs. Vickers, formerly widow Thompson, was upon terms of too great intimacy with a Dr. Robertson, and that they were known to have cohabited together. The testimony for the defence was first heard, and some of it was of that character, if the witnesses are reliable, which would go far to sustain the defendant in the position he assumed. But the case was not concluded.

Writing from the country this week, and trying to console the poor editors who cannot get away to enjoy the pleasures, Henry Ward Beecher says:
"Perhaps it may be of some comfort to you to know that birds are nearly through their song season. It is only in maidenhood and marriage that they sing. Like many another pretty creature upon whose musical education a cat has been bestowed, birds, as they go to housekeeping and have children to bring up, forget to play much, and quite forget all their accomplishments. The dear little sparrow—the song sparrow—is an exception. This little honey bird sings right through the year, in green leaf, yellow leaf and bare leaf."

The Visit of Macdonald, the Murderer, to Crosby Street.—In the examination into the late visit of Macdonald to Crosby street, Miss Mary O'Donnell, a tall and bonny girl, daughter of a city man, fifty years of age, the only girl keeper of the house 121 Crosby street, where Macdonald visited, appeared before Police Commissioner Bailey last week, and testified as follows: "I recognize these officers (naming Gordon and Marshall); they were not here over ten minutes. I was sitting in my bed-room, Miss Stewart was in the adjoining room or parlor. Miss Stewart went to the back room, and sat near the door on a sofa, and Macdonald sat along side of her. The folding doors were not closed, and Macdonald was not out of sight of the officers. Miss Stewart was no particular friend of Macdonald's. I was in the room all the

while, and so were the officers and Macdonald. There was no opportunity for Macdonald to elude the officers."

Cool Weather.—The temperature at four o'clock on Wednesday morning, 17th August (see Meteor), was at 50 degrees, and at five o'clock down to 45 degrees. In 1838, on the 24th August, the temperature was down to 47 degrees at four and five o'clock. In the years 1789, 1818, 1817, 1833, 1836, 1837, 1839, 1842, 1850, 1851, 1852, 1854, 1856 and 1857, the temperature on some one or more days in the month of August was below 35 degrees. In all other years, for a period of seventy-one years, the lowest temperature in the month of August was at and above 55 degrees.

Blondin Outdone.—M. De Lave Crosses Geneva Falls on a Tight Rope.—On Tuesday of last week it was announced that a Monsieur De Lave would cross directly over the Geneva Falls on a tight rope, and to be smaller and more insecure than that used by Blondin at Niagara. The feat was to have been accomplished at two o'clock, but owing to a violent rainstorm was put off until four. At that time, says the *Recherches Democrat*, "the sun reappeared in all its splendor, and the people who had sought inefficient shelter from the flood, beneath benches, on the lee side of fences, and wherever they thought a drop of rain might be escaped, began to seek their elevated seats at the edge of the bank. Many of the croakers prophesied that De Lave would make the rainstorm an excuse for not appearing, but all doubts on that score were soon dispelled. The cry 'he is coming' put everybody on the alert, and about ten minutes past four o'clock, De Lave made his appearance, dressed in a light and velvet jacket, such as is worn by tight-rope performers ordinarily. He wore on his head a velvet hat gaily decorated with ribbons. An immediate rush was made to the end of the rope by the people who had not secured seats, and it was some time before the police could force the crowd to fall back; but at length order was measurably restored, and De Lave, taking up his pole, turned to the spectators and having bowed gracefully around, started boldly out on his perilous walk. He had proceeded but a short distance when it became apparent that the rope was not properly guyed. It swayed from side to side with a sort of waving motion, and to so great an extent as to excite lively apprehension, even among the coolest of the spectators. De Lave himself seemed to be affected less than anybody else, but he evidently found it necessary to use great caution. Once or twice he was obliged to stop short, but never lost his balance for a moment, and maintained throughout the utmost self-possession. Some expected to see him quit as he reached the sheet of water pouring over the rocky precipice, but he did not, although his position was apparently one of extreme hazard. He walked calmly over the roaring rapids, and reached the roof of the sawmill and the destined cheers of the multitude which was shed his progress. He remained on the roof of the building not far from five minutes, and then started on his return. About half of the way across he suddenly dropped astride of the rope, and there extended himself at full length on his back, after which he recovered his upright position again, and after sitting a few seconds, dropped on his breast. He then rose to his feet and stood on one leg for some time. Resuming his walk, he speedily gained the east bank and was received with thunders of applause. Several individuals became so much excited that they seized him and carried him on their shoulders off the ground. He did not exhibit any particular evidence of weariness, and we have no doubt he could have walked twice the distance, even on a rope as insecure as his."

Female Beasts.—The Chicago *Democrat* of the 14th says: "On last Friday afternoon, three women, living in the town of South Bend, Indiana, took a fourth woman, a sort of grass widow, and said to be of loose morals, stripped her clothes entirely from her, leaving upon her nothing but her shoes and stockings, cut off her hair and 'arrested' and gathered her from head to foot. This was all done in the public streets of that town, in broad daylight and in the presence of a large crowd, who, incredible as it may appear, stood by and saw this infamous act performed, and raised no hand to stop it. The women who were the perpetrators of this outrage were residents of South Bend, members of church and two of them were married. The victims of their rage or jealousy, as soon as she escaped from the clutches of her inhuman persecutors, ran to the shop of a blacksmith in that city, who received her, shut the door upon her pursuers, and furnished her with oil, &c., to remove the tar, and with clothing to hide her nakedness."

In reading the above, we are truly thankful to exclaim, "Thank Heaven—they were not men!" Shakespeare hit the character of such abandoned wretches when he said, "Hell has no fury like a woman scorned;" and let us for the sake of the sex which produced Messalina, Lucretia Borgia, Agrippina and Mother Broucarter, who whipped two female apprentices to death—let us hope, we say, that these women were corned, or, in other words, drunk. Next to Sedition and Murder, South Bend, Indiana, is the spot for brutality.

A Criminal Murderer.—Casper Morris, of Jersey City, held an inquest last week upon the body of an unknown man, whose name, from papers found on him, is supposed to be Justus H. Schmidt, or Schmidt, who was found in the water near the ferry. The deceased had evidently come to his death by strangulation, as his eyes and tongue protruded in a ghastly manner. A large rope was also found tied around his body, and another around one of the arms, ends of which were jagged, as if they were attached to a weight and were chafed off. In one of his pockets was found an envelope, upon which was inscribed, in German hand, Justus H. Schmidt (or Schmidt) corner of Rice and Third streets, Philadelphia. Casper Morris telegraphed to the above named place in Philadelphia to ascertain if a person of this name resides or had resided there, but could learn nothing of him. The jury found that deceased—supposed to be Justus H. Schmidt, or Schmidt—came to his death by violence at the hands of some person or persons to the jury unknown. Deceased was apparently a German, thirty-five or forty years of age, and about five feet ten inches in height. He had on a black coat, light silk vest, black broad casimere pants, garter boots, blue socks, and white shirt and undershirt. In the breast pocket was found a white linen handkerchief, which was saturated with blood.

A Demon.—The wife of a man named Melthoffland gave birth to an infant last week at Chicago, and before five o'clock in the afternoon, the father was in jail for its murder. He came into the room, drunk, where the infant lay asleep on the lap of the nurse, lifted the babe quickly with one hand, laid it on his palm, and brought the other hand heavily down upon its head, saying, "Oh, you brat!" The female screamed and rushed to take the child, which he surrendered to them, the little sufferer gasping as if dying. Almost immediately the wife seized a glass of raw whiskey and dashed it in the babe's face, saying, "There, take that you ———." The child lived but a few minutes after the assault. He had previously said that the child was none of his and he would not support it.

Blondin last week successfully performed his promised feat of carrying a man across Niagara River on his shoulders. Mr. Clifford, Blondin's agent, was the adventurous individual who submitted to the experiment. The performance was witnessed by an immense crowd, and is to be repeated. We think that Monsieur Blondin should now cease his hazardous performances. He has accomplished quite enough for fame, and the only feat left for him to do, is to coil up the rope as he passes along.

FOREIGN NEWS

It is announced that the Conference at Zurich would be opened on Monday, the 30th of August.

Count Caltredo, the representative of Austria at the Conference, passed through Dresden on the 5th, en route from Vienna for Zurich.

M. Desambrois had reached Zurich, on behalf of Sardinia. He visited Paris and had been well received by the Emperor.

M. De Bismarck had quitted Paris, for Zurich, to attend the Conference on behalf of Prussia.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Parliamentary proceedings had been mainly confined to discussions upon the supplies, all of which had been duly voted in accordance with the ministerial estimates. Included in the vote was £150,000 on account of a direct telegraph to Gibraltar.

In the House of Lords on the 5th, the Marquis of Normandy gave notice of his intention to put a question as to the terms of peace which were under discussion prior to the Treaty of Vienna.

In the House of Commons, a bill was passed through Committee which establishes a reserve force of 31,000 men for the navy, in the same way that the militia serves as a reserve for the army. The volunteers are to be carried off for a period of five years.

It is stated that the Great Eastern steamship will be delivered up to the Company by the contractor, in an entirely complete condition, on Thursday, the 18th of August.

The London *Globe* announces that the annual Ministerial "Whitehall dinner" at Greenwich had been fixed for the 10th of August, and that the Session of Parliament would close on the following Saturday, the 13th inst.

The Right Hon. J. Wilson had consented to go to India as a member of the Council, and also as Chancellor of the Indian Exchequer.

A despatch from the Indian Supply Association had an interview with the Duke of Newcastle, for the purpose of urging the encouragement of cotton culture in the British Colonial Possessions.

The threatened strike in the building trade in London daily became more serious, and it was feared that on the day the Asia sailed there would be as many as 40,000 operatives in the trade unemployed. A great meeting of workmen had been held in Hyde Park, and a determination was arrived at to abide by the "nine hours' movement." The employers had likewise held a meeting, and resolved to resist the demands of the men.

FRANCE.

It is stated that the Emperor would not enter Paris at the head of the troops because the Cabinet and Privy Council urged that he would incur too much risk by exposing himself for so long a time.

Boles of French troops were continually arriving at Marseilles from Italy. The *Moniteur de la Flotte* announces that orders had been given at the different ports to prevent the departure of vessels immediately with the disengagement of all vessels armed or in course of arming. These orders were already being executed, and vessels which were in the roads, had put back to the different ports. The disengagement had also commenced at Toulon. Orders had been given to disband all marines having served five years.

Other journals contain similar announcements. The Paris *Moniteur*, of the 5th, contains the following: "The Emperor, who never leaves services unperformed, has appointed M. Feuille Desaulles to the post of Director of the Factories of arms de precision, on account of the



THE LAST MOMENTS OF HENRY CLAY—DEATHBED SCENE.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF HENRY CLAY.

THE last moments of a man holding such a high place in the annals of this country as Henry Clay, can scarcely fail to interest even the most superficial and thoughtless reader.

In this issue of our paper we present an engraving of the scene at the deathbed of this truly great man.

His death occurred at Washington on the 29th of June, 1852, and on his decease being reported, both the Senate and the House of representatives immediately adjourned, and the whole nation mourned as one individual.

His funeral, which took place July 1st, was attended by an immense concourse of people, including the members of both Houses, the civic authorities, the military, and a long train of private citizens, all anxious to pay the last tribute of respect to one who had devoted the best years of his life to the service of his country and the interests of his fellow-citizens.

His life and actions are too well known, too deeply graven in the heart of every American, to need description at our hands. As well in other countries as in our own his memory is held in reverence.

THE NEW AMERICAN STYLE OF ARCHITECTURE FOR COTTAGES AND VILLAS.

In presenting to the readers of this journal a design for a country villa in a new style, we have been prompted to do so by the want of external beauty and art in the present executed designs that we see everywhere.

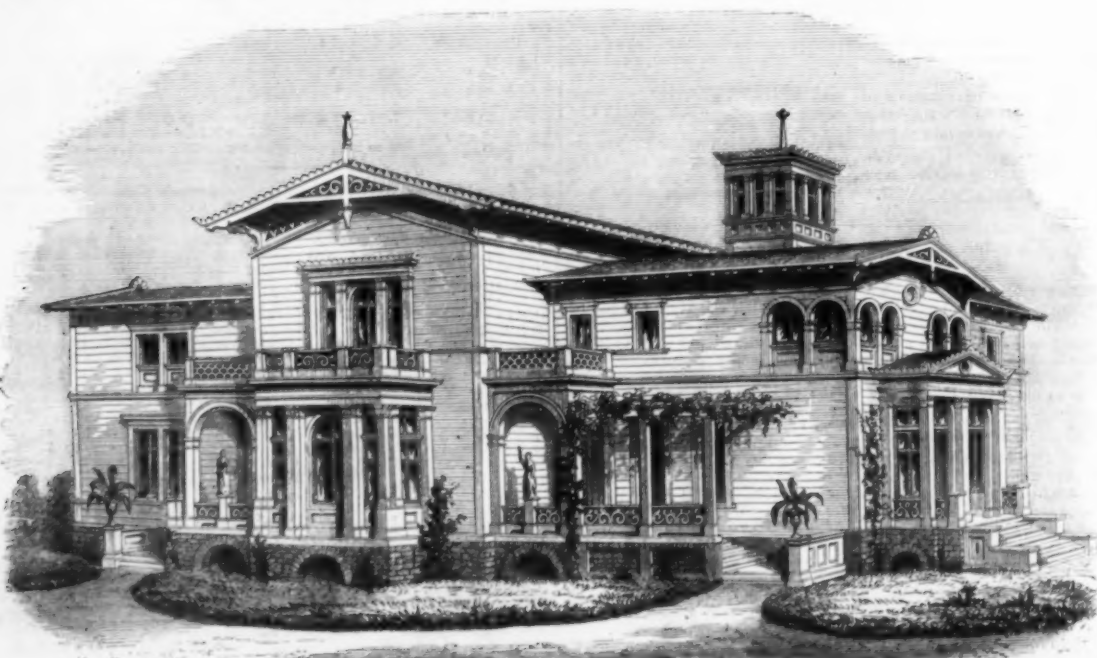
A cultivated mind, with a high and noble appreciation of the beautiful, will at once, or does already, perceive the defects in the designs that have been executed, although he may not be able to tell where lies the want required. Let us look upon most any example, but at the same time we do not reproach, as there may have

been many reasons as a cause of those defects. First of all, in the manner of grouping the exterior masses, making no important distinction or separate characteristic for the most important interior apartments, a want of a picture or an interesting point as a rest for the eye on the front, as well as on the sides; secondly, the details being clumsy and heavy in moulding, which not alone increases the cost but adds oppressiveness to the effect; a profuse use of brackets and a want of grace and philosophical meaning in their form; and not alone all this, but a want of spirit in the design, which must be felt, and which cannot be described by words; it constitutes the charm, the harmony and the very life and interest to the whole, a design without it is not in the meaning of the word beautiful, nor in the compass of art.

We have conceived this style and its characteristics, after several years' labor; we do not say it is original, our foundation has been the Italian, as it has proved its adaptation to our climate at the North as well as at the extreme South. We ask a careful examination of the design submitted, and the manner in which we have fulfilled and rectified the above-mentioned defects, and the spirit in the design itself that conveys such a charm to the feelings; the grouping of the masses was the main consideration, the details belonging to those



GROUND PLAN OF VILLA, DESIGNED BY SAWTZER & VALK.



VIEW OF A VILLA, DESIGNED BY SAWTZER & VALK.

masses have their bold relief—the details themselves being as simple and as light in form as the construction and proportion will allow, and which adds so much grace to the design. In the plan all the comforts that can be desired are given, and by this arrangement we have produced a series of beautiful interior views, as will be observable on close examination of the plan. At present we do not wish to have reference to the other styles, they have been discussed over and over again, but with no permanent benefit to America; and if we have succeeded in our humble efforts towards the production of an American style of architecture for cottages and villas, we have done nothing more than our duty.

Another most important point is the economy of the construction over all other styles; those of humble means will find it the most suitable as well as the most beautiful, no matter what degree of cost.

We will now describe the arrangements of this plan, and we hope it will be understood by all that this is only one example and one form of plan.

The entrance is through an arbor and enclosed piazza, leading to the main hall, which communicates with the parlor, library and sitting-room; the main staircase is on the rear end of this main hall; the parlor has a beautiful bay window on the front, and a communicating hall and enclosed piazza on the rear, which has steps to the garden. The communicating hall leads to the dining-room and kitchen; the dining-room has every convenience, as a large butler's pantry, with sinks, &c.; also a circular bay and sitting place, marked S. P.; the kitchen has pantry, K. P.; laundry, L.; and back stairs, S., for servants; A. is rear entrance to the kitchen. P., 2 and 3 are small sitting places or piazzas. By the outlines of this plan all the sides have fronts equally as interesting as the main front, the enclosed piazzas forming deep recesses and cool retreats.

On the second floor are six bed-rooms, closets to each, a separate communication to every room, and two bath-rooms, one for family use, the other for servants; all dimensions for first floor apartments are marked on the plan; those of the second floor are very nearly the same size, the smallest bed-room being eighteen by fourteen feet.



"Adelaide read the letter with blanched cheeks."

With everything combined as we have described, the cost is six thousand dollars. We now leave this design for the judgment of all interested in a new style, and to all who intend to build at any season. We cordially invite them to examine our numerous designs, which we have at any degree of cost.

We are indebted for the above communication to Messrs. Saelzler and Valk, 399 Fourth avenue, who were also the architects of the Academy of Music, the Astor Library, and many other public buildings in this city.

FLORENCE DE LACY;

OR,

QUICKSANDS AND WHIRLPOOLS.

A TALE OF YOUTH'S TEMPTATIONS.

By Percy B. St. John,

Author of "Quadroona," "Photographs of the Heart," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHATEVER may have been the feelings of Adelaide de Lacy when she started on her fatal journey, those of Florence were most poignant. A strange foreboding, as of coming ill, fell upon her soul, and but for the intervention of her sister, nothing could have prevented her from returning and revealing everything to her uncle at the first opportunity. Florence's was a nature not formed for deceit or guile.

She had no hesitation with regard to Frank Wilton, no doubt about her own affection, but she did think her own conduct inexcusable.

Her sister, however, gave her no time for reflection. They called upon one or two tradespeople, as if to give orders, and thus it was that Adelaide was able to send the letter which was to cast all blame upon Florence, and cause her own conduct to appear harmless.

They left immediately after in the train together.

Now, their journey had been so arranged that they had to change carriages at a junction.

They had ten minutes to wait.

Adelaide, on their arrival here, was very pale, and cast her eyes about anxiously. She saw nothing, however, but a tallish man, in a loose wrapper, shiny low-crowned hat, and large spectacles.

"This way, dear," said Adelaide, hurriedly, as they left the train; and she led the way into the waiting-room.

She then drew her veil close over her face.

"Stop here one moment," she said, "while I change our tickets." Florence was in such a state of anxiety of mind that she really was glad to sit down.

"Don't be long," she said, in trembling tones.

"Not a moment. But if we have been suspected, and that horrid Stephen should have telegraphed, why two together would be more readily suspected than one."

With these words she left the waiting-room.

Florence was once more alone—her eyes cast upon the ground—her hands clasped together. In this position she remained without motion for at least a quarter of an hour.

"Waiting for any train?" suddenly said a woman at her elbow.

"Yes—no—yes," stammered Florence, starting up. "The Portsmouth."

"Express just gone, and your friend is gone in it," replied the woman, an attendant, who had seen them enter.

"Gone!" cried Florence, rushing forth upon the platform just in time to see the last of the railway carriages vanishing in the distance.

"My God! what is the meaning of all this—what is to become of me?" she exclaimed aloud, in frantic tones.

"Be thankful rather that you have been preserved from folly," said a harsh, rather than a stern voice near her.

She turned round and Stephen de Lacy stood before her.

"I have followed you," he said coldly, "and have come up just in time to save you. Adelaide caught sight of me and fled. She is lost for ever. Sir Roland will never forgive her; but you can return home. He will forgive and forget."

"But Frank, what will he think? What is to become of me?" A cold smile passed over the face, and curled the lips of Stephen de Lacy.

"Come home," he said, offering his arm, which Florence, scarcely able to sustain herself, gladly took; "he expects you."

Outside the station was a postchaise, into which he banded her, and then, as if not wishing her to be seen, drew up the blinds.

Florence, who was in a state of annihilation, insensible, utterly prostrated by what had happened, closed her eyes and lay in a corner.

The postchaise started in an opposite direction to that which led to Ashurst House.

Meanwhile the treacherous and designing Adelaide, who had soon recognized Stephen in the cloaked stranger, was carried towards Portsmouth with the lightning speed of an English express train, which is to all others as a stage coach to a wagon.

We must, however, precede her there, in consideration of the feelings of our favorite and hero, Frank Wilton.

The young officer was one who, if left calmly to his own reflections, would in all probability have acted rightly. There was quite enough in poor Florence's letters to make him aware that she wanted but the faintest excuse to escape from the consequences of her clandestine engagement.

Frank was essentially a young man of honor, and considering the power which passion possesses over the soul, singularly unselfish.

Rather than have allowed Florence to have suffered pain, or the reproaches of her own conscience, he would willingly have released her from her promise at the expense of his own fondest hopes.

But Captain Lechmere, like a busy demon, was at his elbow, and never once, during the time he was in Portsmouth, left Frank to that calm reflection which is so necessary to the man who has to sit in judgment on his own acts.

On the morning of the expected arrival of Florence, Frank Wilton received orders to go on board the transport before sundown. The vessel was to sail that evening or the next morning.

His patience was then naturally exhausted, and he looked for the arrival of his fair bride with a feverish impatience not to be described. Every arrangement had been made for the wedding. A friend or two, who were going out in the same vessel, the surgeon and his wife, were invited to the breakfast.

Frank and Lechmere drove up to the station. It was half after eleven. The train was due. No time was to be lost if they were to be married that day.

They rushed into the station. The train was coming up. Out stepped Adelaide de Lacy, very much agitated and confused.

Captain Lechmere advanced and pressed her hand cordially.

"Where is Florence?" gasped Frank.

"What! not arrived?" cried Adelaide, with well-feigned astonishment.

"Arrived—no! Have you not come together?" said Wilton, wildly.

"No; Florence started to come by the other train an hour at least before me. What can it possibly mean? Did she explain in your last letter?" continued Adelaide.

"No; she said you would both be here at half past eleven o'clock, and away Wilton rushed to speak to the station-master.

It happened that no lady had arrived by the previous train except in the company of friends.

"Merciful heavens! what can have become of her?" he cried.

"Most extraordinary affair," said the captain, looking at his watch; "but really, my dear fellow, time is running away in a most singularly rapid manner. If we don't make haste we shall be too late."

"Pardon me," replied Frank, "but I can only think of her. Go—I will make every inquiry, and meet you at the hotel."

So saying, he rushed into the street to ask incoherent and useless questions, at all the respectable hotels in Portsmouth, for a young lady who had not arrived at all. He, naturally, met with one or two adventures in the course of his peregrinations, which, under other circumstances, might have proved piquant enough.

We have no time, however, for any incidents not actually bearing on our narrative.

At one o'clock he returned to the hotel, pale and exhausted, utterly unable to explain to himself a circumstance which began to be invested with terrible mystery.

He found the wedding party at breakfast. Adelaide looked uneasily at him. But she saw at once that he had no suspicion. He was not as yet on the right track.

"Pa—on me," she said, rising hurriedly and leaving the guests to take his hand. "Think not I have been happy. My heart bleeds at this strange mystery. Florence is so unused to travel that she has taken a wrong train. She will be here soon, and tomorrow—"

"I leave to-night," groaned the unfortunate young man. "If she comes now she must return, or I must disobey orders."

"Heavens, how terrible!" said the fair hypocrite.

"You must excuse me," replied Frank, turning away to hide his emotion, "but I must at least write." And with a bow he left the apartment and went to his own room.

Frank, in the depth of his despair, had taken a resolution which he intended to confide to no one, a resolution of which he little imagined the importance. He took pen, ink and paper, and wrote a long letter to his father, in which he candidly confessed everything which had passed between himself and Florence, and after imploring his parent to intercede with the baronet, begged him by all the love he had ever shown him to unravel the mystery of Florence's most extraordinary disappearance.

Now, Frank Wilton was too little suspicious by nature to have any thought of the trick which Adelaide had played him, but a vague and strange desire had impelled him to the very unusual act on the part of a young man, making his father the depository of his love secrets.

The letter was frank, open, manly. He regretted deeply having made a mystery of his affection, and implored the elder Mr. Wilton to make the peace of Florence with Sir Roland at any price, even to the total sacrificing of all his own best and dearest hopes.

He then wrote to Florence, begging and imploring her to write immediately, explaining the mystery of her non-arrival with her sister.

Frank then slipped out of the hotel, and himself posted the two letters.

He then once more went to the railway station, but there, of course, he heard nothing.

After some considerable delay, Frank, for whom the minutes were passing rapidly, again turned his steps towards the place where he had left the wedding party.

The company had left.

When he entered the apartments occupied by Captain Lechmere, he found that gentleman walking about the room in a state of frenzied passion, while Adelaide lay on a sofa, sobbing wildly.

John Jinks, cap in hand, stood looking on in considerable agitation. This is what had happened:

Just as the captain and his wife were left alone, John Jinks made his appearance, bowing and scraping with all his usual politeness.

"Well," cried the lady, "what is this? Who sent you?"

"Mist'ers."

"What master?"

"Sir Roland—"

"Has he then returned?"

"Yes," said John, slowly, "and gave I these letters," pulling those for Adelaide and Florence out of his pocket.

"Quick! Give it! What do you mean?" screamed Adelaide. "Mrs. Charles Lechmere!"

"What!" roared the captain, taking it from her very unceremoniously, and tearing it open; "d—," he added.

"What is it, Charles?" said Adelaide, gazing with surprise, not unmixed with alarm, at her husband's changing countenance.

"That we are found out—ruined—done for!" replied the enraged adventurer.

Adelaide read, with blanched cheeks, the following letter:

"ADELAIDE DE LACY—You have chosen your path. You have married, or are about to marry, an adventurer barren of means and of character. You have forfeited all claims upon me. I shall not allow you to starve; but expect nothing from me but a mere allowance. Blame not me, but your own ill-regulated passions, and the bad man you have so unwisely selected. ROLAND DE LACY."

"Ah!" said Adelaide, between her clenched teeth, "at least she will not benefit by it;" and she took the note intended for Florence from the hand of the astonished Jinks.

She then opened it and read. If her cheeks had been pale before, they were livid now.

This is what she read:

"MY DEAR FLO—You are a very naughty girl and deserve to be punished. Had you have selected any one else but young Frank Wilton I should never have forgiven you. As it is, married or unmarried, come to the arms of your affectionate and ever doing uncle, ROLAND DE LACY."

We are afraid that the expression made use of by Adelaide Lechmere, as she finished this letter, would have been more suitable to the pages of a drama of the age of Charles II. than our sober columns. At the same time she tore the epistle into a thousand fragments.

"What is it?" asked the captain, moodily.

"Nothing," said Adelaide, significantly.

At this moment it was that Frank Wilton returned.

"Oh, sir, where's Miss Florence?" said the eccentric groom, eagerly.

"My good fellow, I wish to heaven I knew!" replied Frank. "But is Sir Roland then aware of all that has happened?"

"All!" said Adelaide, quietly. "John, leave us. I will write a letter for you presently."

John bowed and left the room.

"Yes," continued Adelaide, putting a handkerchief to her eyes, "Sir Roland does know all, and utterly discards us both. I have torn his cruel letter to atoms, or you should have read it. 'Tis Stephen de Lacy has betrayed us."



"Florence came back from instinctive modesty. The man started to his feet, and waved his cap as if in triumph."

"But heaven! what is in the name of Florence?" said the terrified Frank.

"This comes of these damned hurried matches," observed the captain spitefully.

"Mr. Wilton," said Adelaide, gravely, "I suppose the fact of Sir Roland's discarding Florence makes no difference in your sentiments?"

"Mrs. Lechmere, how can you say such a thing? Without a penny the dear girl would be but too welcome to the arms," he cried.

"Then nothing is lost," said Adelaide. "By the very next ship she shall join you."

"And we most likely must go with her," put in the captain.

"Unless your uncle softens down I must join my regiment."

"So much the better. We will then take her out ourselves," she continued.

"But this suspense is fearful," said Frank. "I cannot go."

"Boat is ready to put off," cried a sailor, putting his head through the door; "all your luggage is gone. The signal is up for all officers to come on board."

"Merciful Heaven!" said the young officer, and wringing their hands, he hurried away in a state of mind far more easily conceived than described.

As he was about to rush from the hotel he met John Jinks.

"Maister," said the groom, touching his forelock, "taint my business to speak, but don't ye go for to believe anything agin Sir Roland. Don't you ask me no more. I can't answer no questions."

And Jinks turned away, leaving Wilton to continue on his way to the shore in a state of redoubled agitation.

"It appears, Captain Charles Lechmere," said Adelaide, in a cold and stately tone, "that you were even more mercenary in your views than I expected."

"Mercenary!" replied the captain, who had reflected; "my dear girl, by no means, but cursed hard up. It was only the present annoyance I thought of."

"And are you so easily cast down as all this?" she continued.

"I think, my dear, the old gentleman has been pretty free and open in the expression of his intentions."

"Captain Lechmere, Florence and Stephen out of the way, do you think I am going to give up the battle in this manner. Learn to know me better. My uncle, I am persuaded, has made no wild. His having discovered our marriage is certainly unpleasant. We have to thank that cunning knave Stephen for that. But I will be even with him yet. If my husband will but show me the affection which I was led to expect, all will be well."

"My dear Adelaide," said the politic captain, "if for a moment you doubted my affection, you committed a great error. What is your advice? I am wholly in your hands, my dear."

"Then I will write a dutiful and respectful letter to uncle—sorry to have incurred his displeasure and so on. But why is he so invertebrate against you?"

"Oh, a little personal difficulty—a dispute which was decided against him," said the captain. "But you are quite right. You had better devise a penitential letter; old gentlemen like them—it flatters their vanity and all that. As for that Stephen de Lacy, I'll shoot him."

"It would be a pity."

"Why?"

"You leave him to me. To be disappointed in the hope of Ashhurst House will be punishment enough," said Adelaide, with a wild flash of her malicious eyes. "Has he not been guilty of the abduction of Florence? He has no proof of our complicity, so leave him alone. I claim to punish his treachery; I have a hoarded debt against him."

"As you please, my love," said the gallant captain; "though I should like to wring his neck."

"Wring his heart!" replied Adelaide.

She then called for pen and paper, and wrote a long letter, which she gave to Jinks.

He then started to return home, but on his arrival at the station, he thought to please his master by sending a telegraphic message.

It was as follows:

"Miss A. and the captain are married. F. W. gone to C. Miss F. and Mr. S. nowhere to be found."

This strange and somewhat enigmatical dispatch it was that had caused the apoplectic fit, which had laid the baronet to all appearance on his death-bed.

It was morning before honest John Jinks regained his home. His grief at the critical state of Sir Roland was beyond all expression. The humble dependent of the baronet loved him with the affection of a son.

The doctors shook their heads, but did not utterly despair.

In the afternoon Stephen de Lacy returned to Ashhurst House as if nothing had happened.

John Jinks was the first person who met him on his entrance into the house.

"Sir Roland come home?" he said carelessly.

"Yes," replied John.

"How is he?"

"Most as bad as may be," continued the other, very drily.

"What?" cried the other, turning pale—and was he so near the realization of his hopes?—"what is the matter?"

"Apoplexy."

"Good heavens! How? When?"

"Don't know, maister; perhaps this here letter will tell you," said John, quietly.

Stephen de Lacy snatched it from him and opened it. Its contents were very far from agreeable. A dark frown crossed his sinister countenance, and without a word, he went up to his room.

"Ha! ha!" he muttered; "so this is his view of the matter. It is to be hoped this apoplexy will carry him off," he added, coldly. "If he recovers enough to make a will, I am ruined! Let me read his letter over again."

"Sir—Never dare set your foot inside my house again. You have, for your own selfish and unworthy purposes, connived at the folly of those two girls. Instead of preventing their elopement, you have aided it. You knew what was going on. I have proofs. Any communication you may have to make must be through my solicitor.

ROLAND DE LACY."

"There can be but one explanation of all this," he muttered. "That villain, Jinks, has betrayed me. Ah! ah! Master Jinks, you and I must have a heavy reckoning together."

But when Stephen went down to dinner with Aunt Bridget he was full of regrets at Sir Roland's unfortunate accident, and was so meek and considerate in his observations that the good lady was very much inclined to shed tears.

"But he will get better, I know he will," said the tender-hearted maiden.

"I hope and trust he will," replied the hypocrite.

Two days later Sir Roland de Lacy was pronounced out of immediate danger. It was towards the afternoon when this statement emanated from the medical men. Stephen heard it without a word, but he groaned in spirit, for he feared that all was lost.

About seven in the evening he saw John Jinks leave the sick chamber with cautious steps. Stephen had a shrewd guess as to his errand, but he was in that confused and agitated state he could not make up his mind how to act. He sat himself in his room and waited. It was nine o'clock when John returned. He was not alone. This Stephen expected. Sir Roland's lawyers, Messrs. Peacock and Strange, were both in attendance. It was past midnight when John Jinks came out of the room and fetched up three servants, the butler, Harriet and the housekeeper.

Stephen needed to ask no question. He knew very well what was going on. With the stealthy step of a wild cat or Indian, he crept to the door and listened.

A confused murmur only met his ear.

At length, however, an overstepping was in part rewarded by a sort of conversation which he was enabled to overhear.

"Really, Sir Roland, very extraordinary—very!" said Peacock.

"But, maister, I'm only a servant," almost whimpered John Jinks.

"Such is my will and pleasure," replied the baronet. "Is it to be obeyed?"

"Sartin—sartin—maister," cried John; "and I will treasure it as I would my life."

"That is sufficient. But I am tired and exhausted now, good night."

Stephen immediately hurried to his own room.

"Ah!" he muttered, "John Jinks is the custodian of his will, is he? Who can be his heir? According to the entail the first born of the girls, but he will never live to see that. Plot all of you as you will, Stephen de Lacy is the master of Ashhurst House."

CHAPTER IX.

WHERE the quilleto's and razor-bills nestle in holes and corners, where the gulls wheel round and round with plaintive cry, where lowering and precipitous cliffs tower upon the mariner, and caverned rocks send echoes forth upon the main, where grand receding arches, supported by pillars, exhibit strange magnificence, and the whole scene is characterised by wild and savage beauty, mingled with dead repose, on a certain part of the coast of England, which shall be nameless, was a tower.

It was very old, and might have rivalled in traditions with Malin. In days gone by it might have been the habitation of some freebooter.

It was now a lighthouse.

Placed in substantial repair, it now appeared likely to confront the elements for ages.

Standing upon a narrow strip of land, or kind of spit, it served to warn vessels off a dangerous and treacherous coast. It was so built as to cover the whole rock on which it stood, so that, to gain the platform towards the sea, it was necessary to go through the lower room of the tower.

For some years previous to the commencement of our narrative, the Tower of Weld, as we shall call it, had been tenanted by a man who in early life had been the terror of his district—half smuggler, half preacher and whole ruffian. He was keeper of the light when most men shrank from taking up a post like this. This man gladly caught at it.

Of a savage and sullen nature, it suited him to be alone. And there he lived in Weld Tower for many years, with no other companion than a dog and a goat.

The lighthouse was situated at the extreme point of a wild and barren district, frequented only by miners, and though there was a church visible from the windows of the tower, no village congregated around it, no vicar or curate's house stood in the midst of lawn or shrubbery to tempt the passer-by to linger and admire.

The congregation came from all parts, the curate from a distant town, and even the sexton travelled to Weld Church in a donkey cart.

The guardian of the tower had been strongly recommended by Stephen de Lacy, who owned a small freehold property in the neighborhood.

His name was Rolfe.

On the same morning which witnessed the unfortunate elopement of Adelaide and Florence from the house of their uncle, the lighthouse-keeper stood with his back to the door of the tower, smoking a pipe after breakfast.

He was a tall, powerful man, with a sullen expression and coarse features, grizzly hair, and a huge beard and moustache.

At his feet lay curled up, in luxurious enjoyment of the morning sun, a dog, every way as rough and coarse-looking as himself. The man was fond of the dog, and dog of him. Living so long together, there had arisen a mysterious kind of link between them, which does sometimes exist between man and the lower animals. Rolfe understood the dog, and the dog understood him.

For some time Rolfe smoked in silence, his eyes half closed in ecstatic enjoyment of the seductive weed.

Suddenly a low murmur, you could not call it a growl, from the dog aroused him from his seeming torpor.

"Ah," said he, "somebody coming."

The dog looked at him lazily with one eye, and repeated his muttered growl.

"All right, Dash; friends, I suppose, or else you would not be so precious quiet. But I'll be hanged if I can hear anything. Where away, Dash?"

The dog did not move, but closed his eyes and appeared in a sound sleep, but his head, which was resting on his paw, pointed up the road.

"Coming by the road, are they? Dang it, right again, Dash; I can hear them now. A cart. I suppose it's him; so he has come. Hakewell, ahoy!"

These last words were uttered between his two hands placed together like a speaking trumpet.

A faint reply came to his ears, and in a few minutes more a country cart, driven by a man from the neighboring town, drew up.

It contained several boxes, on which sat Reuben Hakewell and his pretty daughter Mary, the former flushed already with his morning's potatoes, the latter pale and sorrowful.

"Well, mate, come at last," said the gruff guardian of the lighthouse. "How does thee loike thee new house, lassie?"

"It is not very inviting," replied Mary, coldly.

"But it's precious comfortable," continued Rolfe, "when you are used to it."

"I hope and trust I shall never be," said Mary.

"Hold thee tongue for a fool!" growled Hakewell. "Hast got any gin?" he continued addressing the tall man.

"No."

"What do you mean?"

"That there's no drink here for men who've had too much already. After dinner may be I may find you a drop."

"But I wanted some for honest Jim, the carter," growled the disappointed gamekeeper.

"Give him a shilling," said Rolfe, gruffly. "No, my hearty, nobody goes inside my door," he added, as the carter was about to assist Hakewell to carry in his boxes.

"And I'm sure nobody wants," replied the other, jumping into the cart, and driving off without another word.

Before evening, however, the arrival of a visitor at the lighthouse, in the shape of a man and woman, was known all over the district, and a mysterious circumstance, which had puzzled the quidnuncs of every pot-house within a dozen miles, explained.

About three evenings before the arrival of the Hakewells, a wagon had left at the Weld a considerable quantity of furniture of a superior kind to that likely to be wanted by Rolfe. A very general rumor got afloat that the "genius of the lamp," as a witty schoolmaster had called him, was about to be married—a circumstance which, if anything, increased his unpopularity.

It is a remarkable fact that, however old, ugly and disreputable a man may be the moment the question of marriage arises, there is always found somebody who feels aggrieved at his not having selected her.

Now Rolfe was the mystery of the neighborhood. Nobody, since his installation in the tower, had ever been admitted within its precincts. He himself fetched everything he wanted in a hired horse and cart, once a month or so, and so regular was he in his proceedings, that the visit of an inspector was unknown.

Now, however, he was about to receive visitors, and these visitors total strangers to the community.

Great was the surprise exhibited by the neighbors at what had happened. What, then, would have been their astonishment had they have been admitted to the very heart of the mystery?

The night wind blew, the growing swell of the eternal surges came sweeping over the sands; the moon shed a fitful light over the bleak landscape; cliff, tower, glen, were all steeped in semi-darkness, as Rolfe and Hakewell sat over a glass, smoking and talking to pass the time. Mary was in a room up-stairs, a room which she had been diligently preparing as for an expected visitor.

"This Stephen de Lacy seems to do with you pretty much as he likes," said Rolfe, with something like a sneer.

"He pays well," replied Hakewell.

"Keep your own secrets," replied the lighthouse keeper, "I want none of them. But you won't persuade me that Mary has come here of her own accord. It requires no witch to let one see she hates him."

"Pooh!—nonsense, man. Mary is no fool. She knows which side her bread is buttered," growled Hakewell.

"He's a deep card, that Stephen," said Rolfe, as if speaking to himself. "Do you know, Hakewell, he could just about hang me if he liked. But no—he's a deep card. I'm of use to him. Nice out of the way place, ain't it?"

"Hang you? Stephen could hang you?" said Hakewell, staring at the other.

"Yes," replied Rolfe, carelessly; "only you see we should hang together."

"Eh, what?" exclaimed Hakewell, with sudden animation. "Do you know anything as would hang him? Do tell it, there's a good Rolfe. I always did like you, old fellow, you know—do tell."

"Why?"

"I would have him in my power as I am in his," said Hakewell, with a curse. "Man, do you know what it is to have hanging over you from day to day, from hour to hour, the dread of something horrible—to tremble at every bush—to fancy that the very wind is crying out against you—to feel so miserable that there is no refuge but drink? I did not always love the drink; no, when Lucy was alive there was not a more sober or a steadier man. Rolfe, in mercy tell me all, that I may defy this man."

"So then he has you in his power?" said Rolfe, with a chuckle.

"Yes—but—"

"I thought so—deuced clever fellow!" continued the lighthouse man. "I know you must be in his power. How the devil did he manage it?"

"Never mind," said Hakewell, draining off his glass; "but tell me what he has done."

"Not a fair bargain," answered Rolfe, with a laugh; "perhaps I may some day. But just now I can't see the fun of it. All right, Dash. I say, friend Reuben, if you particularly want to know how I could hang Stephen de Lacy, you had better ask him himself. Here he is."

"Where?" gasped the gamekeeper, starting to his feet.

"Coming," laughed Rolfe. "Don't look so frightened, man, or he'll think we've been talking about him."

And rising he went to the door. Dash followed and barked loudly this time.

The moon had a minute before been obscured by clouds, but now burst forth in all its splendor, illuminating the scene, and casting around a more than usual garb of beauty and loveliness.

A postchaise drew up at the very door of the tower. Stephen de Lacy leaped out.

"What luck, master?" said Rolfe in tones which were half jeering, half respectful.

"Silence, fool, and open the door. Is the room ready?" replied Stephen fiercely.

"Quite ready."

"Then hold up your light, and show me the way," continued Stephen. "She has fainted—got the fever or something," he added, with an oath.

It was true.

Poor Florence, overcome by the excitement of the day, had been during the whole of the journey insensible. For the last hour, however, she had been very restless, and had begun talking when asleep.

She was delirious.

Stephen de Lacy caught her in his arms, and entered the house. Mary, in answer to a summons from her father, stood on the top of the stairs, holding a candle in her hand.

Her face was deadly pale, her teeth were clenched, and her eyes flashed fire.

Stephen de Lacy walked up-stairs with his lovely burden and laid her on the bed.

This room was apart; the stairs to the lighthouse passed the door. Mary had closed the door behind her. She spoke not a word.

"She is devilish ill," he muttered. "Mary."

"Stephen."

"Do you know anything about fever?"

"Yes, but we should have a doctor."

"Not as you value your life. You must be her nurse and physician. As I go back I will send medicine, fever powders and cooling draughts, by your father. I trust you."

"Who is your wretched victim?" asked Mary, coldly.

"Don't you know?" said Stephen, with a sinister smile.

"I do not."

"Look."

"Florence de Lacy," half shrieked Mary Hakewell, as he removed the veil. "Villain, what does she here? Away, monster; touch her not with your little finger. She shall not remain here. I will myself to a magistrate and denounce you. Inhuman monster, have you no pity? Your own cousin, too. It is too horrible!"

"Silence, girl, and obey my orders. I shall return in a few days, and hope to find her recovered."

"You will not find her here."

"Mary Hakewell, you forget. Come with me if you like before a magistrate. I, too, shall have story to tell," said Stephen, coldly.

"Man," replied Mary, sinking on a chair, "I am your slave—command."

"I thought you would be reasonable," replied Stephen, looking at her with a cold and bitter sneer. "Put her to bed; in an hour your father will be back with proper medicine. Be careful of her. I shall return in three days."

And the cold-blooded schemer went down stairs. In ten minutes more the postchaise started.

It was nearly two hours ere Hakewell returned with powders and draughts and written directions what to do. She forced one powder down the patient's throat and then added a draught, besides which she moistened her lips every hour with some lemonade. Mary never once thought of taking rest that night, but towards morning, Florence being cooler, and having fallen into a sound and refreshing slumber, she herself went to sleep. When she awoke the sun was high in the heavens, the wind had ceased, and naught was heard but the cry of the black gulls wheeling round the old tower. Mary started from her chair.

Florence was lying motionless, but with her eyes wide open, gazing in helpless astonishment around.

"Where am I, and how are you with me, Mary?" she whispered.

"You are very ill, and must not talk," said Mary, evasively; "you are with friends. When you are better I will explain all."

"I am not ill, but only weak," replied Florence; "tell me how long I have been here; how did I come here?"

"You must have some breakfast," continued poor Mary, who remembered the threat of Stephen de Lacy, "and then if you feel better I will tell you all I know."

With this promise poor Florence de Lacy was fain to rest content.

In a very short time Mary reappeared with tea, some delicious bread and butter and some delicacies which Stephen had ordered for Florence. She shook her head, but the girl insisted, and as our poor heroine had in reality eat nothing since the previous day's

breakfast, she felt that after all the gamekeeper's daughter was right.

"I think, Mary, you are right," she said, after she had drunk a cup of tea; "I feel better already. I shall be well in a day or two."

"I hope to heaven not!" said Mary Hakewell, fervently.

"Mary," cried Florence—both Adelaide and Florence had always petted the gamekeeper's daughter—"what can you mean?"

"That in your illness lies your only defence from a villain!" continued the other.

"A villain! What mean you? Where am I? In whose power?" gasped Florence.

"In the Weld Tower. In the power of the blackest villain in England—Stephen de Lacy."

"My cousin Stephen?" said Florence.

"Yes."

"Why do you call him a villain?" asked the poor girl.

"Miss Florence, how can I explain to you? Stephen de Lacy loves you, and you are wholly in his power," said Mary.

Florence gazed wildly at her for a moment, and then burning blushes suffused her cheeks, as the truth dawned upon her.

"Mary! Mary!" she cried, in frantic accents, "help, help me to dress! Let me fly this place!"

"I am in this man's power," said the other, sinking into a chair.

"You!" gasped Florence. "I am a prisoner, then; and you are his accomplice!"

"No! no!"

"Then why not save me, why not aid my flight?" continued Florence, looking with suspicion and aversion at Mary Hakewell; "or are you so debased as to wish to drag me down to your own level? What tie can bind you to Stephen de Lacy but the tie of crime?"

"Of crime, indeed!" muttered Mary, passionately; "but do not misunderstand me, Miss Florence. I am innocent, as innocent as yourself."

"Do you love this man?" said Florence, coldly.

"No; I hate him from the inmost depths of my soul. But you are right. I must prove to you my innocence. I will save you, Miss Florence, even if it causes my ruin. Oh, Miss Florence, if you only knew—"

"I wish I could believe you, Mary," replied Florence, gently.

"You shall believe me, miss!" cried Mary, passionately; "listen and you will understand me."

And in a broken voice, interrupted by frequent sobs and many tears, she told her story.

"Poor Mary," said Florence when she had finished, holding out her arms, and the next minute they were sobbing, breast to breast, and heart to heart.

"It is a terrible story, and Stephen is indeed a villain. But I cannot see how you can help me," said Florence.

"Miss, you must be guided by me," answered Mary. "In the first place, you must feign illness. Whenever he comes be delirious. I will aid you all in my power."

"You will never leave me," whispered Florence.

"Never."

"But can I not fly?"

"Rolf and my father are your guardians. They will not allow you to leave the tower; but have patience and you shall escape. Rather than desert you I will risk all, and father must fight his own battle. Sooner than harm shall come to you, I will defy Stephen de Lacy."

"Will you, by—?" muttered Hakewell, who, suspicious of his daughter's tender-heartedness, had for the last few minutes been listening at the door.

With these words he glided down-stairs, for he was in too great fear of his daughter to say a word about his discovery.

He, however, determined to watch Mary, and at once intimated to Rolf his suspicion that she would become the friend of the young lady.

"We must keep a good watch on her, and by no means let her go out," he said.

"You're right, mate. She can cook our dinner, and so on. I did mean her to go to market, but it's lucky you spoke," replied Rolf, with an oath.

At the same time he barred, locked and chained the front door, and put the keys in a safe place.

Next day but one a letter came from Stephen de Lacy, informing Rolf that he should not show himself for perhaps a week, but recommending great care of the prisoner, but above all, vigilance.

Rolf and Hakewell fully resolved to obey. They were well paid, and in the man's power.

Meanwhile Florence, thanks to youth and a good constitution, soon recovered her health. The better to restore her, Mary brought her down-stairs. Rolf and Hakewell went out most days rabbit-shooting, and left them alone.

Mary soon discovered that they were padlocked in, and gave up all hopes of escape that way.

The back door was wide open; but such was the nature of the cliffs on each side of the tower, that not the most expert climber could have got round.

The promontory beyond the tower afforded, however, an excellent space for exercise.

About five days after her arrival, Florence felt a curiosity to go to the top of the tower, on the platform of which was the glasshouse in which the revolving light stood.

Mary was suddenly called down to attend to the wants of her taskmasters.

Florence leaned carelessly on the battlements, gazing on the scene around, but thinking of the ocean waves on which sailed the gallant ship which contained him to whom she had given her heart.

Suddenly she saw something move on a billock at no great distance, and fixing her eyes upon it, saw that it was a man lying down and examining the tower through a telescope.

Florence drew back from instinctive modesty.

The man started to his feet, and waved his cap as if in triumph.

It was John Jinks.

(To be continued.)

FACT, FUN AND FANCY.

PHYSIOLOGICAL.—A modern wit characterizes the potato rot as "an affection of the kidneys;" which suggests to us (we don't know why) that when a man swears by his "liver and lights," the subject must be one of vital importance.

LAST WORDS.—Since we learned that the dying words of the immortal Webster were "I'm about," we have looked with some degree of suspicion upon the last words of noted men. We have, too, another fact to strengthen us in our unbelief: the last words of Mr. Pitt were popularly supposed to be, "Alas, my country!" But the nurse said that he asked for "more grub!"

AN ODE TO BLONDIS.—An anonymous genius has sent us this stunning "poem," addressed to the great rope-walker, with a request to publish. As the verses are equally remarkable for the originality of their ideas and the genuineness of their spelling we comply with his request:

TO MOSQUITO BLONDIS.

O thou grate jimmesticker who did wauk
On that the rope stretch'd krost that orful kasum
Down which Nyagerr's flud rolls evar on,
Forever sendin up its spra and sullen rore!
When I seed yew thus suspendid up so hi
In mid-air on that littil bit ov kord,
I seed within mi inmost sole yowm sum!
But when I seed yew draw that hottil up
From off the steemboat what waz down below,
And seed yew drink the wine therein contained,
Jist at that tyme I wist that I waz yew.
But sai, thou kinder ekwal ballunced man,
How hood yew stand up their so furr and strait;
I no if I'd ben their on that tite rope
Nawght kood I dun but trembulid like a leef,
And I kinder think I'd set down straddil on't.
And when I seed yew lai down on that line,
Like wun who his him down to plesunt dreams,
I koodn't help but think how narrer waz your bed,
And shood yew chance to tumbl off er suthin,
Yow'd go kerr sonz inter the bilin flud belo,
And then who'd pai for yew, sai?

But now yew

Kerrajus and stiff-jinted humm bein,
Yow're manerfestid to a gajin wurd
That yew air sum punkins in a general way,
Possessit ov gumpshun and ov skill to do
What sum folks seed koodn't be did bi two-legg'd man.
And now purmit me here to sai to yew,
Yew oughter seek to turn to sum akownt
Your tallints to benefit the humman race.
And now I'll pint yew to a simipl plan
By which such desired konsumashun
May be attained, and yew and we all blest.
I souse that yew must hurd that sum tyme since
A telegrafick line waz laid akrost,
Or rather threw the o-shun's briny deys,
Which thing waz maid ov twistid wire kinder skrewd
Atrowd a sentur peece ov kopper formed,
The whole enklosed in guttur purcha tite;
To a moor full understandin of which
I gess yew kan bi a peece fur lift sentis,
But vit when this achievevment vut waz did,
And everyodi and his wife waz wild wif joi,
I'm sorri to sai the thing kinder gin out—
Like Sprakor's church to which the krank waz lost,
It woudn't go.

And now put fourth thy skill

O man! That skill to keep yourself rite end up,
Which yew possess in such a grate degree,
Go wauk upon this telegrafick line,
And show us what the trubill and the reason is
That the littenin feches up where it starts
From either end, and makes no sign or nothin.
Go show us where the kink is, then shall thy name
Bee grate in all the land, and thou wilt feel
As tho yow'd dun suthin wurthy ov thy skill,
And the peepl shall all kri hail! all hail!
Blondin for ever! Amen!

CAUSE OF THANKFULNESS.—The following is an authentic chapter in real life: A family party was on the point of starting for a ride; John, a young man of the neighborhood, who was paying attentions to one of the girls, sat on the front seat holding the reins; Mary and Lucy sat on the middle seat, and the old lady and gentleman were climbing into the wagon to take the seat behind. Suddenly the horses started, and the old lady, slipping off the step, fell plump into the road. As soon as John could check his horses he turned round with, "Ah! ma'am, I didn't see you fall." "I'm very thankful you didn't, young man," was the reply of the dame, who regained the wagon, blushing violently.

THE DYING NEVER WEEP.—It is a striking fact—the dying never weep. The circle of sobbing, agonized hearts around, produces not one tear. Is it that he is insensible and still already in the chill of dissolution? That cannot be, for he asks for his father's hand, as if to gain strength in the mortal struggle, and leans on the breast of mother, brother or sister, with still conscious affection; and just before expiring, at eve, after a long day's converse with the Angel of Summons, he says to his elder brother—the last audible good-night of earth—"Kiss me—kiss me!" It must not be because the dying have reached a point too deep for earthly crying and weeping. They are face to face with higher and holier beings—with the Father in Heaven, and his angel throng, led on by the Son Himself; and what are the griefs of a morning, tears of a dying farewell—be it that they are shed by the dearest on earth—in that vision bright of immortal life and everlasting reunion!

A FROM CONCERT.—Some one who has "been there" gives the following "score" of a melodious meeting of frogs:

Kung de nung—kung tung,
Koo de kung, to koo;
Titteri, titteri nong,
Titteri, titteri koo.

FULL CHORUS.

Bung de kung—kick a hu
Te de wee noun koo.

SOLO SOPRANO.

Tiddery pe de we de kum,
Pe de weet, pe de weet!

CHORUS OF BASS VOICES.

Kung, kung, trata kung,
Diggory kum, de kum de boo.

TREE-TOAD SOLO.

Tr—a—to weet!
Weetery dee!

CHOICE OF SUBJECT IN NOVEL WRITING.—A writer in *Blackwood*, in the course of an able review of the novels of Jane Austen, thus treats this branch of authorcraft: "Any fool can select a great subject; and in general it is the tendency of fools to choose subjects which the strong feel to be too great. If a man can leap a five-barred gate we applaud his agility; but if he attempt it without a chance of success, the mud receives him, and we applaud the mud. This is too often forgotten by critics and artists in their grandiloquence about 'high art.' No art can be high that is not good. A grand subject ceases to be grand when its treatment is feeble. It is a great mistake, as has been wittily said, 'to fancy yourself a great painter because you paint with a big brush;' and there are, unhappily, too many big brushes in the hands of incompetence. Poor Haydon was a type of the big brush school; he could not paint a small picture because he could not paint at all, and he believed that in covering a vast area of canvas he was working in the grand style. In every estimate of an artist's rank we necessarily take into account the nature of the subject and the excellence of the execution. It is twenty times more difficult to write a fine tragedy than a fine lyric, but it is more difficult to write a perfect lyric than a tolerable tragedy; and there was as much sense as sarcasm in Beranger's reply when the tragic poet Viennet visited him in prison, and sug-

gested that of course there would be a volume of songs as the product of this leisure. "Do you suppose," said Beranger, "that chansons are written as easily as tragedies?"

THE ADVANTAGES OF BATHING.

This is the purest exercise of health,
The kind refresher of the summer heats;
Nor when cold Winter keeps the brightening flood,
Would I, weak-shivering, linger on the brink.
Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserved,
By the bold swimmer in the swift illapse
Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs
Knit into force; and the same Roman arm
That rose victorious o'er the conquered earth
First learned, while tender, to subdue the wave.
Even from the body's purity the mind
Receives a secret, sympathetic aid.—*Thomson.*

HAMMOND'S REASONS FOR NOT FIGHTING.—Mr. Samuel H. Hammond, in a letter to a St. Louis gentleman, dated March 3d, 1859, tells the following incident of his editorial experience:

"While I edited the *Albany Register*, I offended a hot-blooded member of the F.F.'s of New York. He sent a polite invitation, through a friend, for me to visit Baltimore. Having no business in that direction, I declined. He again, through a friend, invited me to visit Canada. Having just returned from a fishing excursion to the interior of her Majesty's colony, and having no occasion to go that way, I again declined.

"He then, in direct terms, invited me to name friend and time, weapons and place, to indulge in the pleasant pastime of cutting each other's throats. I thought the matter over and declined a third time, assigning the following reasons:

"1. The thing was contrary to law, and I had no desire to be hung for killing him, or that he should be hung for killing me.

"2. I had a wife who loved me, and who would mourn for me if I fell; he had only a mistress, who would rejoice at his death, as relieving her from the necessity of flying from his protection to that of some other man.

"3. I had three children, for whose education I was in honor and by nature bound to provide; he had none.

"4. Society had no stake in his life, his continuance would be no blessing, and his extinguishment no loss. Society had claims on me; upon him it had none. I had some claims on society; he had none.

"5. I'd see him d—d first.

"And there the matter has rested ever since."

MAN'S NEAREST RELATION.

In Dickens's *All the Year Round* we find the following graphic description of this animal, which is said to be the most closely allied in structure to the human form of any of the brute creation:

"The gorilla is of the average height of man, five feet six inches; his brain case is low and narrow, and, as the fore part of the skull is high, and there is a very prominent ridge above the eyes, the top of the head is perfectly flat, and the brow, with its thick integument, forms a 'scowling pent-house over the eyes.' Couple with this a deep lead-colored skin, much wrinkled, a prominent jaw, with the canine teeth—in the males—of huge size, a receding chin, and we have an exaggeration of the lowest and most forbidding type of human physiognomy. The neck is short; the head pokes forward. The relative proportion of the body and limbs are nearer those of man, yet they are of more ungainly aspect than in any other of the brute kind. Long, shapeless arms, thick and muscular, with scarce any diminution of size deserving the name of wrist, for at the smallest they are fourteen inches round, while a strong man's wrist is not above eight; a wide, thick hand, the palm long, and the fingers short, swollen and gouty-looking; capacious chest; broad shoulders; legs also thick and shapeless, destitute of calf, and very muscular, yet short; a hand-like foot, with a thumb to it, of huge dimension and portentous power of grasp. No wonder the lion skulks before this monster, and even the elephant is baffled by his malicious cunning, activity and strength. The teeth indicate a vegetable diet, but the repast is sometimes varied with eggs or a brood of young birds. The chief reason of his enmity to the elephant appears to be, not that it ever intentionally injures him, but merely that it shares his taste for certain favorite fruits. And when, from his watch-tower in the upper branches of a tree, he perceives the elephant helping himself to these delicacies, he steals along the bough, and, striking his sensitive proboscis with the club with which he always goes armed, drives off the startled giant, trumpeting shrilly with rage and pain.

"Towards the negroes the gorilla seems to cherish an implacable hatred. He attacks them quite unprovoked. If a party of blacks approach, unconsciously, within range of a tree haunted by one of these wood demons, swinging rapidly down to the lower branches, he clutches, with his thumbled foot, at the nearest of them; his green eyes flash with rage, his hair stands on end, and the skin above the eyes, drawn rapidly up and down, gives him a fiendish scowl. Sometimes, during their excursions in quest of ivory, in those gloomy forests, the natives will first discover the proximity of a gorilla by the sudden mysterious disappearance of their companions. The brute, angling for him with his horrible foot, drops from a tree while his strong arms grasp it firmly, stretches down his huge hind hand, seizes the hapless wretch by the throat, draws him into the boughs, and, as soon as his struggles have ceased, drops him down, a strangled corpse.

"A tree is the gorilla's sleeping place by night, his pleasant abode by day, and his castle of defence. From that coigne of advantage he waits his foe, should the latter be hardy or foolhardy enough to pursue. No full-grown gorilla has ever been taken alive. A bold negro, the leader of an elephant hunting expedition, was offered a hundred dollars for a fine gorilla. 'If you give me the weight of yonder hill in gold I could not do it,' said he.

"Nevertheless, he has his good qualities—in a domestic point of view; he is an amiable and exemplary husband and father, watching over his young family with affectionate solicitude, and exerting in their defence his utmost strength and ferocity. The mothers show that devotion to their young in times of danger which is the most universal of instincts.

"The gorilla constructs himself a snug hammock out of the long, tough, slender stems of parasitic plants, and lines it with the broad, dried fronds of palms, or with long grass—a sort of bed surely not to be despised, swung in the leafy branches of a tree. By day he sits on a bough, leaning his back against the trunk, owing to which habit elderly gorillas become rather bald in those regions."

HEALTH OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.—The correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* says: "I am sorry to learn (apropos of military hygiene) that Miss Florence Nightingale continues to less strength under her continued labors. The scenes and sufferings of the Crimea made a deep and abiding impression on her devoted and deep nature. She determined after her return to give herself up to the removal of the manifest sources of that evil which she had beheld in full play in the lazaret-houses of Scutari and under the dismal hospital marquees before Sebastopol. Ever since the conclusion of peace she has been laboring at the work of barrack and hospital improvement, with a view to the amelioration of the health of the soldier and the increase of his comforts. She has persevered in this labor in spite of impaired health and failing strength, and she has told her friends, when they remonstrate with her, and urge her to take repose, that it is her vocation; she must work at these objects till either she sinks at her work or sees it accomplished. She has all along been the right arm of the Barrack and Hospital Commission, and with them has had to struggle against all the entanglements of red tape, and the obstacles of a *vis mortis*, and prejudice against improvements which are difficult for civilians even to conceive."

PROTECTION FROM MOSQUITOES.—A writer in a South Carolina paper says: "I have tried the following, and find that it works like a charm. Take of gum camphor a piece about one-third the size of an egg, evaporate by placing it in a tin vessel, and hold it over a lamp or candle, taking care that it does not ignite. The smoke will soon fill the room and expel the mosquitoes." A Western editor proposes a much more agreeable method. He says: "Marry a pretty woman. It is a sure protection, as we can testify from experience. They never bite a man when they can get something better and sweeter."

LITERARY BLIND MEN.—In an article in the *Richmond Examiner* on the death of Prescott, the historian, occurs the following: "Many of our contemporaries speak of Mr. Prescott as one of the few instances of a man deprived of his sight in early life having become eminent in literature. This, however, is a mistake. From Diodorus, the blind teacher of philosophy, geometry and music, who lived half a century before the Christian era, to Samuel Willard, an eminent blind divine now eighty-three years of age, there have been not less than eighty blind men distinguished in politics, literature, science, theology and the mechanical arts. Milton made his name immortal after the loss of his vision. Oxford ever possessed the most eminent professors of mathematics that Sanderson ever possessed, was born blind. Huber, strange to say, one of the most eminent writers in entomology, was a blind man, and yet his work on 'Bees and Ants' is the best ever written. Fielding, the great police magistrate, was born blind, so was Metcalf, a famous English engineer and surveyor. Augustin Thierry, the historian of the Norman conquest, who died last year, and who was almost as great a historian as Prescott, was blind. Indeed, we might, from an article in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* on eminent blind men, cite fifty other instances of men who have attained great eminence in all the walks of life, who were blind from early childhood. One of the most attractive and entertaining books of the day, and one which may be found in every bookstore, is a collection of lectures, sketches, &c., by the Rev. William H. Milburn, a Methodist minister, who lost his sight when a boy, and who, as an itinerant preacher, has, during the last twelve years, travelled over 300,000 miles in the performance of his clerical duties, and who is an eloquent and learned divine, as well as an able and entertaining writer."

Life Sketches at Saratoga, by Our Own Artist.

RECORDS OF SARATOGA

(Continued from page 192.)

Here we are at the Spring; see the illustration; how admirably our artist has drawn the scene! Here, in this temple, from six in the morning until nine, there is one continued throng of people. There are people of all ages and nations, from the feeble old dotard, whose trembling steps lead him here to take his last year's Congress water, to the infant in arms, who sips it down with dislike. What a crowd is here. Fashion and folly, age and youth, beauty and ugliness, virtue and vice, honesty and hypocrisy. But one moment—vice, known, cannot drink of its waters. We saw a couple of ladies gracefully walk up to drink its waters, but the official bid them off, they were fallen; no pool of Siloam for them, no balm in Gilead. Vice must disguise itself in the habit of virtue, the rotten heart must wear a blooming cheek in Saratoga. Men and women come here to see and be seen. All the Gauche Boobies, Mrs. Potiphar and Flora McFlimsies come here. Some old decrepid toppers, with the shadow of a graveyard resting upon them, and almost the sound of their tolling funeral-bell in their ears, still cling to this place, their gray heads, furrowed cheeks, stooping forms and tottering walk tell of the frost of age and the gradual decay of vitality. For years they have been to this spot, they are the old habitués, loving to cling to life and its sweet early memories, loving to come to the spot where remembrance can take them back to days when they were young, and when their voice breathed words of love and admiration in the ears of attentive beauty. They remember a thousand scenes of joy where they hoped to gather roses, which are now but ashes, and the perfume of violets which is soon to be the corruption of the grave. There is one we have now in our memory, he has a wig, false teeth, a cane and eyeglasses, and the most fashionable of clothes; his age is really sixty-five, and yet he talks of marrying still, speaks of young ladies as



CONTRAST IN SOCIETY—THE OLD BEAU AND THE YOUNG EXQUISITE.

the skeleton not the body, the decayed tree without the fruit, dead, dead, dead!

But there are all classes who drink, not because they like it, not because they have the gout or any one of those numerous diseases which the sign says Congress water is an effectual cure for, but because other people do it, and because it is the fashion. Thus men drink brandy and green seal because it is the fashion, they gamble because it is the fashion, they get intoxicated because it is the fashion, they spend all their money because it is the fashion. Women flirt because it is the fashion, the married ladies drive out and walk out with young gentlemen because it is the fashion, they dance at night when they should be sleeping, they expose their alabaster shoulders as much as possible because it is the fashion, and by-and-by they will all go to Greenwood because it is the fashion, and God knows they will all go to the most fashionable place of resort in the other world. Stony Heart says that's purgatory.

The Walk.

Congress water grounds are laid out with much taste, the walks are well gravelled and rolled, the grass is smooth and neatly trimmed, while there are some fine specimens of statuary adorning them. There are groves of pines lending shade during the hottest portion of the day. A fine band is stationed upon a stand every morning, and discourses fine music for the benefit of visitors. A circular railroad is built on the top of a hill in the grounds, for the purpose of exercise. Our experiments, however, in that line resulted in a beautiful prostration of our general system, and an utter contempt for exercise during the summer months.

Dinner and after Dinner.

We are stationed in the hall, the bell for dinner has sounded, we are looking on at the passing crowd. Six hundred people dine at the same time, in the Union Hall. What a demolishing of oxen, sheep, fish, chickens, &c.—a wholesale murder, and all for men's enjoyment!

There goes a family—rich, very rich—a house



QUAKER VISITORS VIEWING STATUARY.



SKETCH AT THE CONGRESS SPRING—DRINKING THE WATERS.

"devilish pretty creatures," and of a young widow the other morning as "a jolly woman." Poor wretch! Time has a scythe that cuts sharper and truer than a razor, and all your memories of early flirtation will grow dim as the stars in the morning, and die out colder than winter. Such men are a walking, living satire on fashion and its follies. And there are old women, too, fashionable old women, who would steal the rose hae and plant it on their cheek, and rob the pearl of its whiteness in their manufactured teeth. They move like vampires, they do not live, they simply exist. They patronise young men, insist upon taking your arm, promenade you up and down the piazza, sneer at beauty, direct your attention to that little "pert thing, that impudent minx, that upstart there, whose father was a shoemaker," and so on through a long catalogue. Old women drink Congress water, they like it amazingly, the iron strengthens them and also makes them ironical. The crowd moves aside in fear when they approach. But we won't slander all the old women; we know some splendid old ladies, kindhearted, good-natured, motherly old ladies, who drink Congress water and are still happy. We are speaking of those people who were once fashionable belles, but who are now the shadow of the substance,

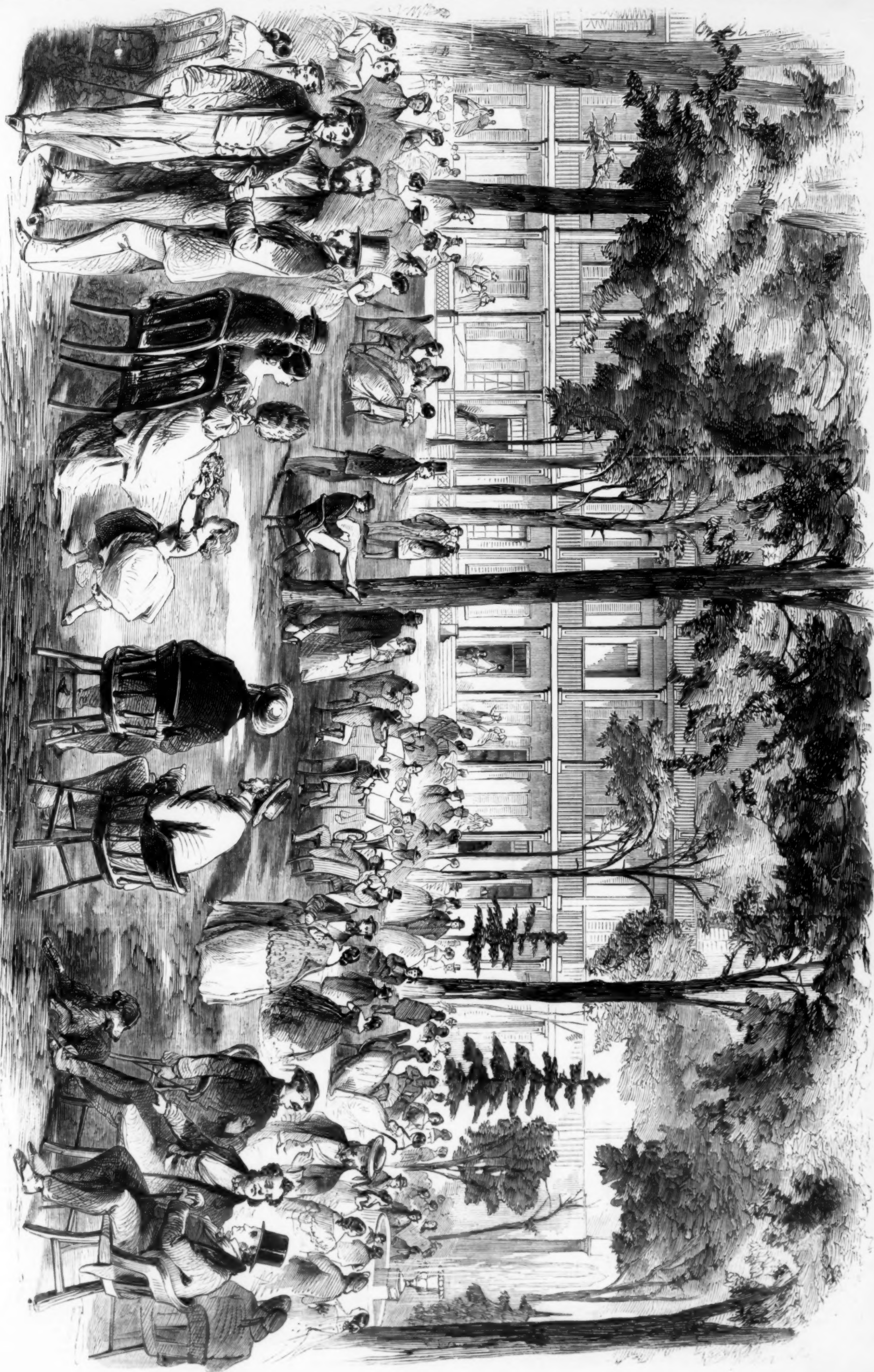


OUT-DOOR AMUSEMENTS OF THE VISITORS AT SARATOGA—THE CIRCULAR RAILWAY.

in Fifth Avenue, brocatelle and rosewood furniture, horses and carriage, diamonds for wife, daughters all they desire. First cause, Pork! The father belongs to the aristocracy now, and they all run in that jolly crowd. Coat of arms. A rampant pig, surrounded by a string of sausages. Aristocracy! We must have a new dictionary. Webster and Johnson's definition won't do. Pork, rum, patent medicines, &c., build up fortunes. Money buys a house on Fifth Avenue, and this is aristocracy. Poor people are vulgar, intensely so. Literary men are so unfortunate, still the aristocrats patronise them out of pity sometimes. In they go to dinner, all that family, the pork family.

Then comes a lady, a married woman, leaning on the arm of her husband; they are wealthy, very wealthy; he has carved out his own fortune, and lavishes money on her; she is a royal woman, wealth of gold sits dimmed upon that wealth of beauty which she possesses. In heart she is still a child, a Carriane in the brilliancy of her improvising. These are people to know and to love for friendship's sake. Her carriage is royal, her step a queen's; her dress a splendid silk, rich as the dress of Enid, so beautifully described by Tennyson in his last poem:

(Continued on page 200)



LIFE SKETCHES AT SARATOGA, BY OUR OWN ARTIST—AFTERNOON LOUNGE IN THE GARDENS OF UNION HALL.

Where like a shelling seen the lovely blue
 Flashed into green, and thicker down the front
 With jewels than the sword with drops of dew,
 When all night long a cloud of glory to the hill,
 And with the dawn ascending, low the day
 Sinks where it slung; so thickly slung the gems.

But here is a snob, a gentleman from England, a tourist, who carries "Murray's Guide" in one hand and a longnet in the other. These are his inseparable companions. An introduction to this gentleman was a source of much pleasure to us. "Blasted for country, sir. My friend James—Lieutenant James, her Majesty's Seventeenth Foot." We were wondering how many feet her Majesty possessed, when lockily we perceived he was referring to one of her Majesty's regiments of foot. We bowed to James. James bowed to us. James was a type of representative men. James never used the letters R or V. We do not want to wrong him, but we are inclined to the opinion that James is a flunkey, a pure, unadulterated flunkey. We trust we do not wrong him. James addressed us, "Weary 'ot, ah." "Hem," was the reply. "Ave you ewew dun up Bath?" What the gentleman meant by asking us whether we had ever done up Bath we could not imagine. We therefore remained silent. At that moment a pretty girl came flouncing past. "Demme," said James, "what an extraordinary pretty 'e! that creature's got." We left James. James didn't suit us. But the dinner did, a most excellent repast. We have a cigar in our mouth, we are seated on the piazza. It is a lovely afternoon, not too warm, though the sun is shining clear, but there is a cool exhilarating breeze to-day. The band is assembled on the lawn, the fountain is casting up its cool jets, while the crowd are rambling through the beautiful grounds. The band is performing, and now commences the pleasant conversation, the genteel flirtations, the desperate flirtations, the lovers' walks, the lectures from wives to husbands who were out late last night. There in a row are seated twelve antiquated, blue-coated, respectable gentlemen; they are already asleep, profoundly nodding, their hands are clasped in front, their cigars are one by one dropping out of their mouths. They are lost to the presence of Congress water, music, pretty girls or cigars.

There are a couple in those chairs, whose low converse, expressive faces and lovely eyes tell too well the subject most interesting to them. Then in all parts of the grounds the crowd loenges and seems to enjoy itself quietly and sensibly.

Who Are These?

Silence! There's Fernando. A Wise man no more; no more expression in his face than in a stone fence—utterly immovable, always bland, never losing temper, cunning, shrewd, profoundly politic (except when he makes mistakes). Here comes the Fernando, in black, sombre plack, funereal black. The observed of all observers, for among so many nonentities of strong, indomitable will is of course a shining light. There is a different man, General Nye, fat jolly, funny, laughing, jovial Nye. No one can get angry at an unwhiskered face. How that man loves the girls; how he dotes on Julius, Marias, and other similar names.

Here we cease for the present. Next week we shall conclude in a more serious vein, when we continue our illustration of Saratoga. But what is writ is writ.

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Our Next Paper.

In our next issue we shall continue our vivid and actual

LIFE SKETCHES IN SARATOGA,

with large and splendid views of

THE BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS SURROUNDING THE SPRINGS, and a superb picture of

SARATOGA LAKE,

together with many other illustrations of striking and varied interest.

A Few Words about the Wise Letter.

Now that the crash of the battle is over, and nothing is left to do but counting the slain; now that each politician through the length and breadth of the land has made his thrust and fired his shot, whether he understands the matter or not, we believe that we, who are no politicians, who feel it a matter of comfort as well as policy not to know a Whig from a Democrat, a Native from a Republican, should be allowed a few words upon the all-absorbing topic. In saying these words we shall lose sight of everything sectional, everything political and everything personal, only taking it upon a broad ground, and viewing the matter as we would view anything else passing between—we will not say gentlemen, but—men.

Regarding it from this light, we have before us a dignified man, who has occupied a seat in the United States Senate, who has represented his country abroad, and who is now seated in the gubernatorial chair of one of the proudest States in the Union. This man is an aspirant for the highest office in the gift of the people, an office that should be girt about with more dignity than any throne of the earth. He asks this office by our suffrages, but is not content to await the response of the people. On the contrary, he is eager to forestall other aspirants, all perhaps as eager and as unscrupulous as himself. It may be that he feels the necessity of thrusting himself forward to be so great that success is entirely dependent on it. Whatever the motive, he does not allow modesty to interfere, but loses no chance to identify himself with the wirepullers of the political machine. It may be that the public know this, they know it as a latent matter, and as long as it is not violently forced upon their notice, they are willing to close their eyes to the great fact, and let the game go on. Suddenly one day a letter turns up, which proves to have been written by this dignified man, this Governor of a sovereign State, to one of the tricksters and underworkers of his party, who by some unknown means has crawled into a correspondence with the great man. This letter, written in confidence under a mass of undignified language and bad grammar, betrays the fact that the great man has descended from his high position to join in the wirepulling to mix himself in the trickery and countenance the huckstering and toadyism that the public, in their determination not to see otherwise, were trying to persuade themselves was only the work of the dirty subs of party.

The story is not all told. When this letter is printed for the public, the public naturally asks, "Where did it come from?" Under this questioning it comes out that this letter has been written in confidence (oh! what a politician!) to a certain small potato outsider, who perhaps has only been made a tool in the hands of party men, or perhaps by his foolish vanity has forced himself into this correspondence, that he might boast of his great friends. Once getting this letter, his vanity of course would not allow him to hide the light. He must show it, which accordingly he did. He must entrust it to other hands, the possession of the treasure has suddenly made him a man of consequence. The letter circulates, is copied by some of the contemptible wretches through whose hands it passes, and by their management it goes to print. This is a simple statement of the whole story—a plain unvarnished tale of a transaction which has agitated the political world more than any occurrence for years. It has killed off a prominent candidate for the nomination for the Presidency, and covered his friends and opponents alike with infamy. It is one of those miserable tricks that occasionally struggle to light, and display that horrible festering sore upon the national body, Nominating Conventions. The people have borne much at the hands of politicians. They have borne to see the suffrage tainted with villainy and violence; to see men who are better fitted for the States Prison pulling the strings of party, and holding patronage and power; to find men who have been taken from the lowest and most degraded walks of life, nominated, and, in the face of the public disgust, elected to office, until it has become a reproach for any honest man to aspire to political position. All this they have seen, and more, and have quietly borne it; but let it be remembered that there was a last feather that broke the camel's back. A few more such affairs as this, and we think the end will be accomplished.

A Strange Proceeding.

The Express of Wednesday contains the following, and without one word of comment:

The Ten Governors, on Tuesday, confirmed an agreement with a Broadway firm of capmakers for the employment of the women in the Workhouse—those sentenced for one month and under to be paid for at the rate of ten cents per day, and those sentenced for over thirty days at the rate of twenty cents. Serious charges of oppression and extorting money were made against Deputy Keeper Boone, of the Penitentiary. The weekly statement shows the population of the various prisons, and other institutions, to be 7,152.

The operation of this is evident—it has a two-fold evil. It displaces honest labor and enables the convict to turn out of employment some industrious person who may be driven by want to commit crime herself. It also enables the Broadway firm of convict laborage to enter into a ruinous competition with the firms which employ honest persons.

The natural result is, that to sell as low as this convict firm of capmakers, they are obliged to cut down the already miserable wages of their workpeople. Let our readers ponder the rates paid. "Ten cents a day" and "twenty cents a day." Perhaps the very infamy of its miserable amount is an advantage, as it throws all honest competition out of sight. Let us just trace the immediate operation of this contract. The convict firm—we merely do this to distinguish it from the rest of the trade—directly they get this contract signed discharge an equal number

of poor girls or women. The evil of crime has thus reached them—the convicts, through their patrons the capmakers' firm, strike them out of work, and these patrons, at the same time, rob the public of the difference between the ten cents a day and the legitimate wages. We must, however, in all fairness, add to the ten cents a day the amount paid the Decemvirs for their share of the profit, for it would be an unjust aspersions on their character for business shrewdness, to imagine them capable of doing such a good turn to the Broadway firm, as hire out women at ten cents per diem, without a valuable consideration. Or was the mere pressure of throwing honest people out of work sufficient compensation for the deed? or was the prospect of compelling the poor girls to such a life of vice the calculation of these old debauchers? Verily, there is no knowing; we can only observe, that when that type of the Ten Governors, Judas Iscariot, betrayed the innocent—he charged thirty pieces of silver for the operation. We can hardly imagine our friends of the Island would consider the nature of the deed itself payment in full. At all events, the public will be delighted to see these men, who va'n female labor at ten cents a day, complete the parallel by following to the letter and the rope the example of their Jewish past type.

The Last Horror.

It has been the lot of the press of this country to record some fearful scenes, but we think not one of them all can compare in horror and shame to that of an account that we take from the St. Louis papers of August 10th, giving a recital of a prize fight and the attendant butcheries.

Two pugilists, named Connors and Byrnes, went a few miles from that city to settle a long standing dispute with a fight. The wife of Connors, with a child fifteen months of age, in her arms, was of the party, and about a dozen of other women, seven hundred men, and from thirty to forty boys, aged from ten to fifteen. The principals fought and battered each other for fourteen rounds, which lasted nearly an hour, and would have been supposed by any person possessing any human attribute to have satisfied the most beastly and bloodthirsty of the spectators with blood and fight.

The decision was given against Byrnes, who, not satisfied, seized the referee by the throat, while his friends assisted with kicks and blows; one more zealous than the rest digging off a piece of his face with a stick. This was the signal for a general engagement, in which knives and bottles for a while were weapons, but were soon found not sufficiently murderous. At last a shot was fired:

"This was the signal for a general drawing of pistols, and some one hundred shots were rapidly fired. Those who had not pistols resorted for their boats, which at the same time began backing off from the shore.

"There was then a heavy rush to get on board, and some forty persons were instantly in the river. Certain skiff-men pulled away in terror, leaving the victims to swim or drown as they might.

"One or two fights actually occurred in the water! The swimmers at length scrambled on board, not knowing how many had sunk and been drowned. Probably three or four perished at least."

After this the boats that had brought them got under way, leaving a large portion behind. The fiends had tasted blood, and could not be quieted:

"The mood of the Henrietta party may be inferred from the fact that some twenty fights were waged on board before she reached Alton. Whiskey reigned. There were robberies and complaints of robberies of watches, pocket-books, &c., which had to be rectified by attacking the robber or robbed. One victim, accused of having stolen a purse of \$20, was assaulted by several persons with such fury that he sought his revolver.

"His intent being perceived, there arose a cry of 'Kill him, kill him!' and a fresh onset was made upon him. In response he ate, bit, kicked, conged, tore and scratched his opponents in a style which should entitle him to the laurels and stakes of the glorious day. By nearly tearing off his pants, the pistol was taken from him, and also, as he alleged, \$40 of his hard earnings. Finally he was kicked senseless, dragged to the hurricane-deck, and left to revive or die.

"Shortly came off a fight for the possession of a pistol, between John Monaghan and John Ryan, which resulted in the casual discharge of the weapon. Its contents passed into the abdomen of Ryan, inflicting a shocking and probably fatal wound. Monaghan was at once subdued by this incident. He sat down and wept over the wounded man, declaring that Ryan was one of his best friends.

"An impression to some extent prevailed, that a pistol was actually fired by Ryan. In ten minutes afterward, Monaghan jumped overboard and swam toward the Illinois shore—then nearly two miles distant. When last seen from the boat, he was still swimming, about half a mile from the bank."

With this ends the recital of one of the most terrible scenes of bloodthirsty butchery ever perpetrated in any country, not excepting the kingdom of Dahomey.

We have copied this horror that we may appeal to all these who profess to love this land; to all those who are unwilling that it shall be given over to the knife and the pistol of the pugilist; to those who have stood quietly by for the last few years and seen this spirit rising in the community without one word of dissent. This is the fruit. It is only the beginning of the end. Our communities are being delivered over bodily to this shoulder-hitting, gouging, spitting, swearing, knifing, pistoling crew, until it is as unsafe to walk the streets and public places of our cities, as it is unfashionable not to advise the professors of the "manly art."

These men are made heroes. The press lauds them, the crowd follows them, and women gaze admiringly on the victor of some brutal prize-fight when he is pointed out. Do we not deserve the result? We take these men from the very sinks and gutters of the mob, we elevate them to a great notoriety, and in return they kindly stab or shoot us. They only follow their natural proclivities made more brutal by education. We have no reason to complain. If we would correct the evil, it is at the root we must strike, and hunt down these men as we would burglars, garrotes or murderers.

Of this St. Louis affair we have but this to say; these two men had been six weeks in training for their brutality; they had fought before. It was all well known to the police. They embarked openly on two steamboats at half-past eight o'clock in the morning, and yet no effort was made to stop them, and most likely none will ever be made to punish them. If there is not, we can only say, that it will remain a blot on that fair city, that years will not wipe away. We trust for the sake of humanity and national pride, that St. Louis will show that she cannot be disgraced, without a lesson to these fiends that will crush on their bloodthirstiness for all the future.

The Harbor Police.

We illustrate in the present number an important movement for the protection of our Harbor, which is now in full and efficient operation. The article which accompanies the illustration fully explains the sphere of operation and the important and beneficial effects which must result from its organization. In connection with this institution, we would give a word of praise to Mr. Samuel Brevoort. He has been indefatigable in his exertions to bring the department to a state of working efficiency. We are not of those who on every occasion be-puff public officers where they simply do their duty, although when an official does that simple act the novelty of the case seems to demand a notice. But when we see a public officer thinking as well as acting for the good of the public, we are most happy to give him warm and hearty commendation.

Mr. Brevoort has identified himself with many important movements; among these, and by no means the least, is the Harbor Police. He has also suggested and ably advocated the erection of public fountains throughout the city, the usefulness of which suggestion was triumphantly proved by the fact that on Sunday, the 14th, three thousand people drank at the only fountain at present erected. His plan for lighting and numbering the piers on the two rivers is a suggestion of great importance—one which must prove, when the plan is adopted—and it must be adopted—of incalculable benefit to our shipmasters; and also, by illuminating those dark and secret places, to the morality of the locations.

It is to these energetic, thinking officials that we must look, in reasonable hope, for the remedying of the many crying evils which exist in the very heart of the body corporate, and award our meed of praise to Mr. Samuel Brevoort for the intelligent steps he has taken in the right direction, trusting that he will not flag in his efforts, and assuring him that all his exertions to remedy existing wants or evils will meet with due notice and proper appreciation.

Passing Notice.

"Up the Hudson!" conveys as much poetry to the mind of the American traveller as "Up the Rhine!" did to Thomas Hood, punster and poet. To the Hudson! Scenery charming and autumn days coming—just the time to lounge and contemplate her manifold beauties. A trip on the Thomas Powell, swift as an arrow and comfortable as a hotel, is worth the expenditure of a day. Captain Anderson is a glorious fellow, a true sailor, a generous host, and a most polite gentleman. From New York to Kingston and intermediate landings, he steams his boat. Only in misfortune can men be tested; a slight accident to your yacht, and the courtesies we received from the captain and his boat must live in our memories. Success to the Thomas Powell and her gallant captain.

PARIS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Hot!—Your Correspondent's Luxurious Apartment and his Iced Cravat!—a suggestion for American Editors—What the Parisians are doing; how they avoid the Theatres; some Remarks on the Theatre in summer; Plan for rendering it as Fresh and Cool as it now is Hot and Stifling; a Hint to American Managers—the Effect of Impure Air upon the Mental Faculties; the Manager his own Enemy—De Stendhal's Theory of the Effect of Sitting within Three Feet of another Person at a Musical Entertainment; the Influence of that Neighbor's Mental Radiation—little Prospect of these evils being remedied—the little Hippopotamus Killed by its Mother in a Fit of Rage.

PARIS, August 4, 1859.

Hot, abominably and inexpressibly hot is it here in Paris as I write. Hot, even to the exclusion of the political paragraph which usually begins my letter; hot, in fact, to the exclusion of almost everything but dissertations on the subject of keeping cool. Indeed the dog-star just now rages to a wholly unwarrantable degree, and the mercury in my Resumee thermometer this morning is creeping up to the top of the tube with a steady progressiveness not at all pleasant to look upon. The air is not hot only, but insufferably close and stifling; it seems as though a certain quantity of air was shut down into the streets every morning, and we were compelled to breathe this over and over again all day long, before we received a fresh supply.

As I sit here in my modest—no luxurious apartment, for why should not a correspondent indulge himself on paper in *or nolu turni ore* and Turkey carpets?—au troisième in a house in the Rue Blanche, I experience a sense of superiority, in point of bodily comfort to my sweltering fellow-beings. To understand this I must tell you that the windows on the east side of my room look into the court or unbuild-upon quadrangle, forming the centre of almost every French mansion or hotel, and that those to the west open upon the street, with the sun's rays judiciously excluded by the shades, and the casement's flung wide open, I imagine that a current of air must pass through the room, and in the imagining I find comfort for my heated affliction. In the application of coolers, too, I flatter myself I am a little ahead of my neighbors; they take their ice in their Bordeaux, I put mine in my cravat! Let me explain for the benefit of your August readers.

Through the neck, you of course know, pass all the blood vessels communicating to the head and brain. By encircling the neck then with some cooling substance, the head is protected from that oppressive drowsiness which is the characteristic of summer. Said cooling substance I thus apply: Two pieces of linen, each two inches in width and long enough to reach around the neck, I have had sewed together leaving an opening at one end. I stuff this elongated sack full of little lumps of ice, and apply it to the fleshy isthmus connecting the head with the shoulders. A strip of flannel outside this absorbs the moisture from the ice, and my refrigerating neck-cloth works to a charm! Can't you suggest "iced cravats" to some of your editorial brethren as a luxury of summer wear?

The people of Paris who can afford to be idle, and who have not gone to the spas, pass their days in the various swimming schools of the capital, or in sipping iced Bordeaux and indulging in slippers ease at home, and their nights in moonlight excursions on the water, along the wooded isles with which the Seine abounds. Very few are there who can calmly confront the misery of a three hours' cooping-up within the walls of a theatre. So the theatres are doing a very poor business, and the managers are praying, like the frogs in Virgil, for rain, to refresh the earth and render the atmosphere of their establishments a little more endurable.

And yet, why is it that a theatre is so universally tabooed in summer? For the simple reason that the heat prevents an enjoying of the performance. The heat alone, then, is the thing to be combated, and how easy would it be for the managers to bear off the victory if they were only endowed with a grain of common sense! If properly arranged, there is no reason why a theatre, in the torrid season, should not be as cool as any private house, and even cooler. Ventilators have already; the punkas, or large fans suspended to the ceiling, which are found so serviceable in India, and which were introduced in your city two or three years ago, are yet unknown in Paris; these, with the marble basin fountains, surrounded by flowers and shrubs to refresh the air of the lobbies, have yet to be suggested to the French manager. These means of refrigeration

are already familiar to the theatre-going public in America, but M. Théophile Gautier, in a recent dramatic feuilleton in the *Moniteur*, proposes an extension of this idea, which is not only new but possible, and may suit your latitudes as well as it does those for which it was specially written.

M. Gautier, after touching upon the points I have above particularized, suggests one or two very necessary improvements in the interior arrangement of the theatre. First, he would have the panels into which the walls in the upper part of the building are divided replaced by an iron trellice work, through which the stars and the blue sky might be seen; creeping plants, either artificial or real, would add to the elegance of this arrangement. The roof of the theatre he would have taken off completely, and a half cupola, or velarium like that formerly stretched over the ancient arena, substituted therefor. In case of the adoption of the latter, the ornamental awning might be sprinkled with scented water, in order to counteract the unpleasant exhalations of the gas. Summer benches, covered with morocco, or settees, would be installed in place of the velvet-cushioned seats so uncomfortable in hot weather.

In the cutting through of new streets, now so prevalent here, many of the theatres will have to come down; when they are rebuilt elsewhere, it would be a very easy matter to have them so constructed as to admit of these simple yet indispensable provisions for "the heated term." Summer, says M. Gautier, is not an abnormal fact; it occurs about every year, and the thermometer always persists in asserting its presence by sending the mercury a greater or less number of degrees up its capillary tube.

Managed upon the Gautier plan, the theatres would not run the risk of losing in summer the profits of their winter season. The falling off in their audience would scarcely be perceptible. People would say: "It's very hot to-night, let's go and get a little fresh air at the Gaieté or the Porte-St-Martin."

It really does seem strange that in this age of civilization and progress, when almost everything is being made perfect, the theatre should still remain in such a barbarous state. And yet it is so, and every new theatre is built on the model of an old one, the architect taking good care the while not to make any improvements or corrections. For the last two hundred years theatres have been built with narrow entrances, invariably choked up in case of fire or accident by a mass of human beings in danger of their lives, with seats so arranged that one-half of the audience cannot see the stage, and that the whole of it may be tortured in body by their stiff uprightness; so badly ventilated that any one who sits out the performance is almost sure to feel the effects of the impure air he has inhaled for twenty-four hours afterwards; and, finally, so stupidly planned in regard to aricular convenience that in many parts of the house it is impossible to hear a word of the play. It has been repeatedly proved that a certain quantity of oxygen is necessary to insure a clear state of mind, that without it the brain becomes listless and heavy, muddled as it were, and yet it is this very antagonist of impure air which the managers themselves pit against the success of every work of intelligence they produce.

De Stendhal, a very fine connoisseur, and always enthusiastic in his dilettanteism, goes even further than this, and argues that to receive a musical sensation in all its purity, you should be separated from your nearest neighbor by a space of at least two or three feet. Without this you are within range of his sympathetic or apathetic radiation, you are insensibly influenced thereby, and your neighbor may be a fool or dillard, incapable of appreciating either Mozart or Rossini. If he is a fool, he will give out a miasma of stupidity, which will spoil your pleasure; and if he is a clever person he will draw you into his sphere of attraction, and, perhaps, falsify your judgment. In either case your judgment or your pleasure will lose all savor of individuality. To some people this may seem rather far-fetched; but how else can you explain the secret ennui which you are often visited with in public by dramatic and musical masterpieces, which transport you with delight when read at home in the solitude of your chamber, or played for you by a friend on the piano?

The want of breathable air, physical discomfort, the influence of too near a neighbor, and also, perhaps, the dazzling and hurtful gas-light, which detracts the eye from the stage, are obstacles to the mental enjoyment of a performance which, we fear, will be long in disappearing. Managers would rather bemoan their empty benches at the slight elevation of temperature, than seek the true means of bringing back their patrons.

Here my letter would end, but for an item consequent upon the hippopotamus paragraph in my last. The hippopotamus, the good fortune of whose birth I chronicled, has since then come to grief. The "little stranger" was suffered to live but a few days; at the end of that time his brutal mother put a quietus upon him in the shape of her tusk and teeth. It is thought that the mother seized the young one by the stomach in her formidable jaws, as five deep marks of her teeth are visible, and that she also attacked it with her tusk, piercing the left breast through into the lungs. Next time the mother will not be entrusted with the nursing of her babies. A wet nurse for a hippopotamus will be something for the savants to ponder upon, I fancy.

And now, though this letter be not so varied in interest as usual, it must go as it is. It is decidedly too hot to write any more.

FRANÇOIS.

LITERATURE, ART, MUSIC, &c.

We have received from RUDD & CARLETON a new work of fiction called *Hartley Norman*, a Tale of the Times, by Allen Hampden. This is of the sensation class of novels, replete with excessive improbabilities, and to our thinking but very little like real life. The hero is a noble newsboy, full of gallantry and chivalry, with a high sense of morality, a philosophic turn of mind, and an elegant flow of language. Such newsboys may exist under very extraordinary circumstances, but we opine that the case is a very rare one. Fortunate circumstances attend the career of this young gentleman, and he meets with remarkable adventures and startling dangers, which are passed through by our gentlemanly newsboy with a coolness, prudence and foresight worthy of all praise. Of course he extricates a young and lovely maiden, a heiress too, and becomes the general protector, admirer and counsellor of everybody around him, and eventually finds a father for one, daughter for another, and so ad libitum, until at last he finds a wife for himself and a fortune of several millions of dollars.

There are under-plots and counter-plots, all pretty well managed, and there are some leading incidents left unaccounted for; but the characters are fairly developed, and some of them are very charming.

It is a cleverly written book; the language is chaste and frequently eloquent, and when once embarked in its pages there is an interest which leads you on until the end. To those who like excitement without drawing much upon the higher sympathies of our nature, *Hartley Norman* will supply the want. Its tone is eminently moral.

G. G. EVANS, of Philadelphia, has sent us *Lectures for the People*, by the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, of Liverpool, the celebrated Baptist minister of that place. These lectures, of a popular and instructive character were delivered at the Concert Hall, Liverpool, on Sunday afternoon. The reverend gentleman, thinking that the people needed instruction, adopted the lecture instead of the sermon, as offering a wider range of subjects, and admitting of a more popular mode of treatment. The result has proved his judgment correct, for he has gained a vast influence, the Concert Hall being crowded with thousands of visitors every Sabbath afternoon, while the sale of his lectures extends over tens of thousands. There cannot be a doubt but that the delivery of his lectures and their publication have

exercised a great moral influence, not only in Liverpool but elsewhere.

The following titles of some of his lectures will give an idea of how he adapts his subjects to reach the intelligence and the sentiments of his audience: "The Lord's Prayer;" "The Golden Rule;" "The Prodigal Son;" "There's a Good Time Coming;" "Taking Care of Number One;" "Penny Wise and Pound Foolish;" "Five Shillings and Costs;" "Saturday Night;" "There's nae Luck about the House;" "Poor Richard's Almanac;" "Tell Truth and Shame the Devil;" "The Seventh Commandment;" "The Street;" "Stop Thief;" "The Devil's Meal is Bran," &c., &c. We can very heartily commend this volume to our readers.

A very valuable work has reached us from D. APPLETON & Co., entitled *A Popular Treatise upon Gems*, by Dr. L. Feuchtwanger. This is an elaborate and comprehensive work, on a subject of singular interest to a very large class of people. The matter is thoroughly discussed in all its bearings by Dr. Feuchtwanger, his remarks being copiously illustrated by well executed diagrams. It is indeed what it purports to be, *A Popular Treatise upon Gems*—in reference to their scientific value; a guide for the teacher of natural sciences, the lapidary, the jeweller and the amateur; together with a description of the elements of mineralogy and all ornamental and architectural materials.

Every kind of gem is described and valued, and the remarkable specimens of each shown by colored drawings. Besides the gems, all the marbles are described with the localities where they are found, and are represented by admirably colored drawings. There is indeed a vast amount of useful and curious information to be found in this work, interesting alike to the amateur and the proficient. It shows evidence of great labor and research, and cannot but prove of incalculable service to all who take an interest in the subject.

The getting-up of the work is admirable in the extreme, creditable to the author, the publisher and the artists concerned. It will be a text book for the trade and command a large sale.

JULIUS SCHUBERTH has sent us *A New Method of Learning the French Language*, embracing both the Theoretical and the Practical Modes of Instruction, by Alfred Walchmer. This is the happy medium between the old slow school and the new fast school grammars, and contains all that is good in either. It would be impossible to study this grammar with ordinary care without acquiring a thorough knowledge of the principles of the language, the rules are so intelligently laid down and the arrangement of subjects at once so natural and so systematic. Wherever it is used it will certainly find favor, as all vagueness is avoided and no single point is left in doubt. With such advantages to recommend it, it is certain to circulate among the schools, to which end it is most specially adapted. We look upon it as a common-sense grammar, and as such we commend it to the notice of our readers.

DRAMA.

AFTER a short, but we trust pleasant holiday, managers and actors are once more seen in the streets of the metropolis, and preparations for the fall and winter campaign progress in good earnest. A general brushing up seems to be the order of the day; carpenters, painters and gilders are at work, and we do not doubt but that the public will be largely their debtors when these improvements, in their several departments, are completed.

At the Metropolitan the most extensive alterations are being effected; the entrance is made more commodious and airy, and we further understand that the lobbies are to be much enlarged, while the auditorium will be proportionately curtailed, its present extensive size being reduced to about that of Miss Keene's theatre. An adaptation by Bourciquet of the "Heart of Mid-Lothian" will be the opening attraction; and the company will number among its members Miss Agnes Robertson, Mrs. John Wood, Miss Sara Stevens, Mr. Joseph Jefferson, Mr. George Holland, Mr. Henry Pearson and other favorites. We doubt not but that Messrs. Stuart and Bourciquet will both deserve and command success.

Next in order comes Miss Laura Keane's establishment. By the way, riding over the Delaware and Lackawanna Railway a few weeks since, a spot not far from Scranton was pointed out to us as the summer-house of the fair directress. We gazed around us in all directions for a glimpse of the lovely fields, the rolling and wooded hills, the rippling streams, and thousand other nameless charms that imagination always surrounds the abode of beauty and genius with; but far as the eye could reach stretched out great plains half covered with stagnant water, from which protruded the burnt stumps of trees, and no habitations but the board shanty and log hut were visible. We presume, however, that this purgatory leads to some paradise beyond; if not, Miss Keene's object in here domiciling must have been to secure herself from intrusion by locating where no one would ever dream of seeking for her. But be that as it may, we only trust that the fresh air has given her such strength and elasticity as will result in another season of as capable and successful management as the last. We notice workmen employed about the premises, giving evidence that the opening day, or evening rather, is at hand, and see, among others, that Mr. Jordan and Mr. Mark Smith are to be members of her *corps dramatique*, and that Mr. Frank Vincent, an old New York favorite, will fill the place vacated by Mr. Jefferson.

Last, but by no means least, the veteran Wallack is all ready for a start, but will open somewhat later in the season, the middle of September probably. Around him he has gathered, in addition to his son, Mr. Lester Wallack, Messrs. Blake, Brougham, Walcott; Messdames Hocy and Vernon and Miss Gannon, as usual. He will have much the strongest company in the field, and will commence with a new play from the pen of Mr. John Brougham. Prior to the commencement of the regular season at this house Mrs. Matilda Heron Stoepel will give a series of performances under the management of Mr. H. L. Bateman, commencing before this is published, in the new play of "Geraldine, or Love's Victory." She will be enthusiastically welcomed back to the scene of her former triumphs, and we trust that in our next we shall be enabled to record the complete success of the new drama, as also of Mrs. Stoepel's conception and rendition of the heroine.

BARNUM'S MUSEUM.—For a place, emphatically, where one can get his money's worth commend us to the Museum. What with the dramatic representations from three until eleven p.m., the feeding of the fish in the Aquaria at eleven in the morning, and natural curiosities visible at all hours, hardly a pleasanter place could be recommended to the attention of the visitor from either city or country.

MISCELLANEOUS AUTHORSHIP.—Thomas Carlyle writes of the "sheep and goats" of mankind in a letter addressed to Mr. Allibone, of Philadelphia, written in acknowledgment of the receipt of a copy of his "Dictionary of Authors." "There seems to be no doubt the book will be welcome to numerous reading beings, and tell them much that they wish to know; to me, the one fault was, that, like the Apostle Paul's Sheet of Beasts, it took in 'the clean and the unclean,' and thereby became of such unmanageable bulk, to say no more. Readers are not yet aware of the fact, but a fact it is of daily increasing magnitude, and already of terrible importance to readers, that their first grand necessity in reading is to be vigilantly, conscientiously select; and to know, everywhere, that books, like human souls, are actually divided into what we may call 'sheep and goats'—the latter put inexorably on the left hand of the Judge; and tending, every goat of them, at all moments, whither we know; and much to be avoided, and, if possible, ignored, by all sane creatures! This is candidly my verdict, and I regret to think you cannot well like it, nor, as you perceive, had I any wish to produce it till summoned."

BOTTLES.—Eight millions of bottles are annually made at a manufactory of bottles at Folembray, France. It is the largest manufactory of the kind in the world. The largest glass bottle ever blown was at Leith, Scotland. It was in dimensions forty inches by forty-two, and was capable of holding two barrels in quantity of kind.

THE Rajah Hunder-sing has just been married at Lahore to an English lady, Miss Hodge. It is the first marriage of the kind that has taken place. The prince is a Pagan, and immensely rich. Who wouldn't marry him, then?

GENERAL AMOS PILSBURY.

THE General Superintendent of the Metropolitan Police District, Amos Pilsbury, was born at Londonderry, New Hampshire, on the 8th of February, 1805. He has attained his present elevated position through a regular gradation of public services, chiefly in connection with the government and discipline of prisons, penitentiaries and other institutions, in the States of New Hampshire, Connecticut and New York.

In these various stations he has achieved an enviable reputation by the rarest exhibition of the qualities of probity, energy, business tact and talent.

Having made the management of public institutions, in which he has been so eminently successful, a profession, it is confidently anticipated that he will largely increase that reputation in his new capacity of General Superintendent of Police.

Indeed, there are evidences already to be seen in his brief incumbency of the office, of manifest improvement in the operation of our police system; and if we do not, in a very short time, have the best regulated community to be found anywhere, the fault will not be General Pilsbury's.

SHATTUCK'S PICTURE.

OUR second Art selection from the last Exhibition of the National Academy of Design, is Shattuck's very charming picture, "A Reminiscence of the Androscoggin." It is in the happiest style of that truly American painter, and reveals many of the strongest and best points of his style. The picture met with deserved success while on exhibition, and was warmly noticed by the press. It is now in the possession of Richard Goodman.

NEW YORK HARBOR POLICE.

THE Twenty-fourth Police Precinct comprises the bay of New York and all those portions of East and Hudson rivers lying within the boundaries of the city. Its beats extend from the southern extremity of Blackwell's Island on East river to Governor's Island and the entrance to the Atlantic dock on the Brooklyn shore, and from Twentieth street to the Battery on the Hudson. But the captain of the precinct may detail the boats to any point within his jurisdiction on police duty.

Three boats are required to be kept on service in the East river and New York bay, two during the day time, and one at night. Two are on service on Hudson river, one by day, and one by night. The boats are provided with signal lights, and the patrolmen on South and West streets are required to repair to the places where they land to render necessary assistance. Rockets are also carried to be discharged when assistance is wanted from other boats. Each boat must be in motion while on duty, except when engaged in watching some suspected place or vessel. No boat may be employed for other than police service, and a violation of this rule subjects the officer in command to instant dismissal.

The police force of the Twenty-fourth Precinct consists of a captain, four sergeants and fifty-one patrolmen. The number of boats employed is ten, each of which is commanded by a coxswain, and manned by four patrolmen. The uniform consists of a sailor's jacket of blue, with the police vest buttons, a vest, trousers, blue shirt, pea jacket of blue cloth, with police coat buttons and tarpaulin hat. In the summer, white duck trousers and a straw hat are worn. The captain and sergeants wear the uniform of the land force.

One boat is stationed at Staten Island, and two others scour the bay to board vessels and enforce the Harbor laws. The vessels carrying out of New York are under their scrutiny. A reserve force is also kept at the station-house to meet emergencies constantly arising.



AMOS PILSBURY, GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT OF POLICE.—PHOT. BY FREDRICKS, 136 BOWERY.

The efficiency introduced into the various Departments of the Police service by the present Superintendent, General Amos Pilsbury, has been nowhere more strikingly perceptible than in this precinct. Increased activity has resulted, more than three times the usual number of arrests are now made, and the protection of commerce from the depredations of river pirates has become much more sure. Probably a viler order of ruffians and banditti infest no precinct of our city. Till the establishment of Harbor Police, they enjoyed almost perfect immunity; they were in collusion with a class of dealers in town, and not unfrequently with seamen on board the merchant vessels. Instead of endeavoring to escape when detected, they would, without hesitation, murder the party, and then complete their enterprise. It will be remembered that three of these robbers murdered a private watchman in 1852, and that Governor Seymour, when asked to exercise his prerogative of mercy, refused to interfere

and prevent their execution. Some two or three years ago two or three of these pirates were shot some party who preferred to remain unknown, rather than imperil his safety by making public his name, although the coroner and the press concurred in pronouncing it a meritorious act.

The operations of these depredators have been greatly curtailed, and the efforts of General Pilsbury to prevent them has aroused the liveliest gratitude from our merchants who have suffered from them in times past. The present efficient system, with the improvements which he has inaugurated, and the renewed vigilance, bids fair to clear the scourge from our port. Men of all classes, and many of them belonging to our first mercantile houses, have expressed their entire satisfaction with the present arrangements.

Five mutinies have been quelled in the bay since the first of the present month. The ship Alabama was boarded, and the rebellious party, who had stabbed an officer in the left eye, arrested. The bark L. C. Carter, of Galveston, Texas, was also boarded a few days since, and the mates, together with six seamen, taken into custody. A mutiny in the ship J. S. Parson was quelled by the arrest of five of the guilty parties. Six mutineers were taken from the bark Exeter.

Every coxswain has a full list of licensed vessels belonging to owners in New York and Brooklyn. Any craft not authorized as the law prescribes is instantly noted, and its proprietors brought, when occasion offers, beneath the operation of the statutes.

WINNING A WIFE.

SQUIRE HARBOTTLE, of Harbottle Court, was one of the strangest humorists in our county. Having strictly circumscribed his desires to country life and rural pursuits, it is not wonderful that he derived all his ideas from thence; consisting of a small stock of feelings and opinions, which, as they were of the exclusive kind, and admitted of no innovation, were probably the very same that had employed the intellectual faculties of his grandfather and great grandfather, and been used as hereditary property from time immemorial.

Among these crude doctrines was one upon which the squire insisted with a vehemence quite apoplectic, and in whose behoof and maintenance he had oftentimes well nigh destroyed the table and his own knuckles into the bargain. It was this. That unless a man were well acquainted and properly conversant with the sports of the field; unless he delighted in boxing, cricket and football, and devoted himself with all the fervor of an idolator to the mantling bowl and the circulation of the bottle, he could not in justice to the race be esteemed a human being. Upon these points he had not only pinned his faith, but sewed it with the needle of strong belief, and it would have been as safe to doubt the legitimacy of the Hanover succession, or the necessity of the corn laws, as to argue with the squire upon the soundness of his premises in the promulgation of the above doctrine.

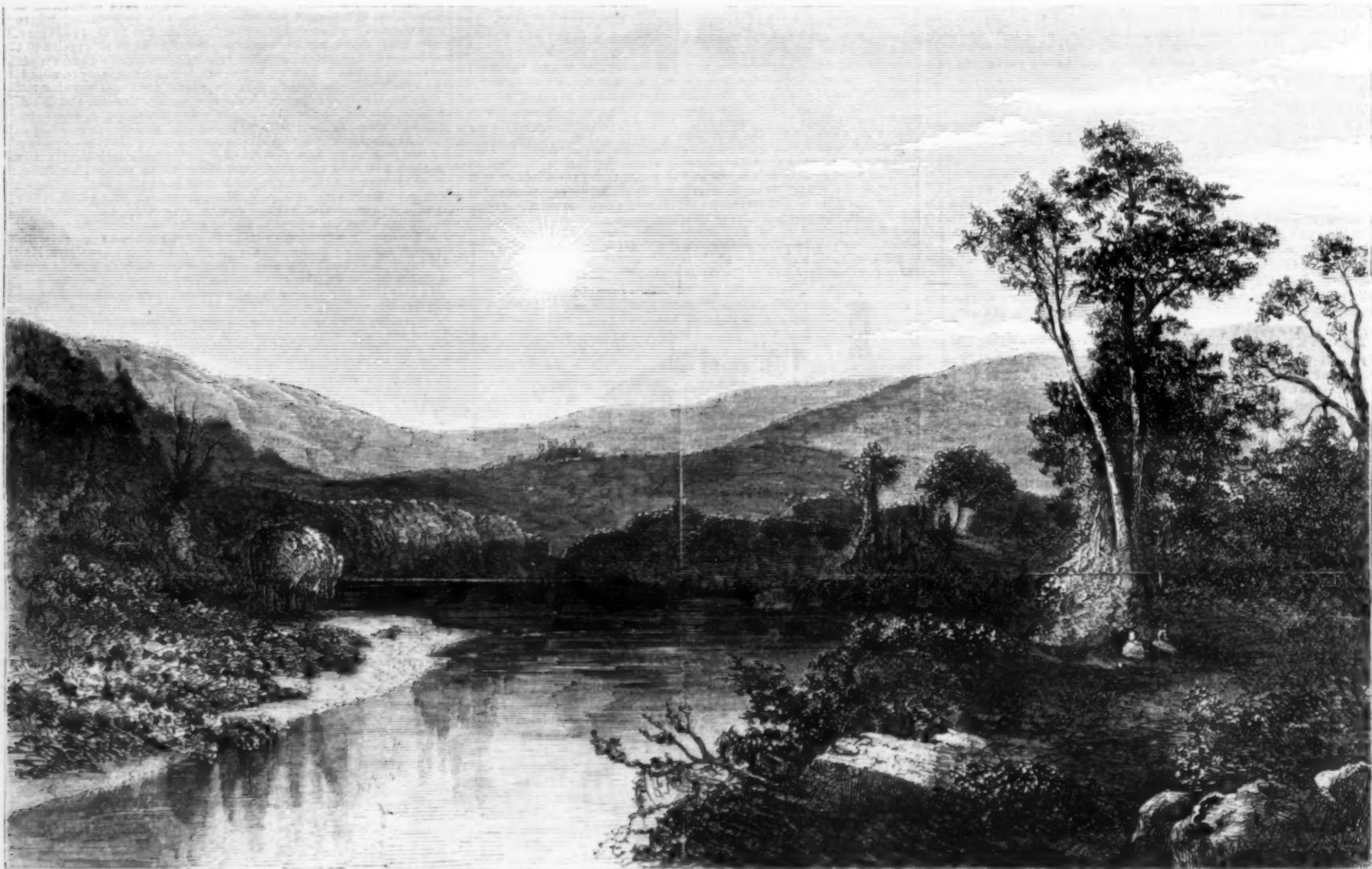
It was, accordingly, a matter of much perplexity and concern to Mrs. Harbottle and her daughter Mabel, these obstinate and irrevocable convictions, how the addresses of Mr. Merton would be countenanced by the squire.

Mr. Merton was a young West Indian of large fortune, who during the last London season had been introduced to Mabel, and had succeeded in creating what is usually termed a "reciprocal passion," and had in consequence been asked by Mrs. Harbottle to spend a few weeks at Harbottle Court.

That lady justly conceived that a better match could not possibly be brought about; but had altogether forgotten or overlooked the fulminations of the squire, which threatened utter destruction to her cherished scheme.

From that oracular authority, in the meanwhile, no further consolation was to be obtained than such as could be extracted from sayings and intimations of this nature: "He would see what was to be made of the young fellow—ten to one he is a milkop;" and invidious reflections of the like character.

At length Mr. Merton arrived at Harbottle, and was received by



A REMINISCENCE OF THE ANDROSCOGGIN FROM A PICTURE BY SHATTUCK, IN THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.



NEW YORK HARBOR POLICE—THE POLICE GOING OUT TO A VESSEL AND PURSUING RIVER THIEVES.

the squire with an anticipatory paternal grasp of the hand, which he verily believed had paralysed his whole frame. But in spite of so cordial a greeting, Mr. Harbottle encouraged mental reservations of his own, by no means propitious to his visitor.

"Not at all like my friend Burley of the Grange," thought he. "The lad doesn't weigh more than ten stone, and Burley is sixteen, and then he's as thin as a hurdle! He won't do for a son-in-law, that's certain."

Merton was, in truth, a young man of fine taste and elegant accomplishments, but by no means likely to conciliate the squire by a forward or presuming exhibition of proficiency in the peculiar practices or feats with which the old gentleman had been prone to invest his imaginary idols. But recently arrived from the West Indies, he had not yet divested himself of those habits of luxurious indolence and enjoyment common to the natives of Barbadoes, and he could no more reconcile it to his inclination to assume the gloves with a pugilistic veteran, or to dive into the mysteries of the third bottle, than to encounter a triumvirate of Titans, or to see Silenus himself under the table. It may readily be conceived then that the two new friends were at first sight far from feeling that perfect cordiality and good will towards each other, so little expected, but so anxiously hoped for by the ladies.

As they sat over their wine, however, after the retirement of Mrs. Harbottle and her daughter, the squire thought it would be a favorable opportunity of sounding the West Indian touching these indispensable acquirements, which he preceded by an elaborate survey of his victim.

"Why, you don't drink, my good sir," said he, pushing the decanter towards him. No evasion, no heel-taps—fair play, you know," and he tipped a wink of meaning.

"No, sir," replied Merton, "I am but a poor drinker at all times."

"Ah! poor drinker—I thought so," growled the squire, with a glance of pity, but it's the fashion, I hear, to drink nothing now-a-days, and you, of course, follow the fashion."

"No, indeed," replied the young man, "fashion is but a—"

"I suppose," interrupted Harbottle, "you never put on the gloves, eh?"

"Put on the gloves! I wear gloves certainly," answered the other, with an inquiring smile.

"Wear gloves! pshaw!" shouted the old gentleman, testily. "Put on the gloves, I say—exercise yourself in sparring—in the manly exercise of self-defence."

"My dear sir, I never do put on those gloves, I assure you," said Merton, gravely, with a voice that would have graced a confessional.

"You don't hunt, I presume?" asked the squire, drumming his fingers upon the table, as he elevated one eyebrow and directed an oblique look at his companion, which seemed as though his voice proceeded from his eye. "You don't hunt? Prefer the road to cross-country?"

"I have never been used to hunting, I confess."

"Ah! very well—I see how it is. And a bitterly sardonic grin deformed the features of the squire. "Look ye, sir," said he, after a long pause, "I have a daughter—Mabel. Mabel is a fine girl, sir."

"Miss Harbottle," said Merton, with a rapturous emphasis, "is indeed a young lady, not only of the greatest beauty, but of the most elegant taste, and the most exemplary principles. Might I but hope—"

"No, no! you must not hope, sir, by any means," quoth the squire, doggedly, "unless you are prepared to make yourself master of these requisite accomplishments, without which the prince himself should sue for her hand in vain."

"What, sir," cried the astounded youth, despatching a bumper down his throat, and falling back in his chair—"what, sir, would you have me groveling under your table nightly? Would you have me saturate myself with wine, until my visage put on the imperial purple during the unhappy reign of my existence? Would you have me drown myself, like Clarence, in a butt of Malmsey, before you could deem me worthy of your daughter?" And he swallowed a second glass. The squire nodded assent.

"Would you delight to see me," he continued, "rushing madly over your acres like the wild huntsman of Bohemia, or the hero of Wordsworth's 'Hartleap Well,' or coursing through the air like him of 'The Wondrous Horse of Brass?'"

"Why, yes, I should like to see it very much," quoth the squire, complacently.

"Would you qualify me for marriage," proceeded the novice, "by breaking every bone in my body—by pounding me more ruthlessly than physical pain was meted out to Don Quixote under the tender batons of the woolstaplers, or by educating pastime from my person, whereto the tortures of Phalaris in his 'Brazen Bull' were but soft and exquisite delight?"

"Nothing less, I assure you," roared the squire, in a transport, raising himself in his chair, and rubbing his hands with delight. "These are the conditions, my boy, and so you may make choice instantly."

Whereupon the old gentleman betook himself to his evening slumber, and the unhappy Merton again had recourse to the decanter, till, sooth to say, it refused to yield a drop more. Having at length made his way into the drawing-room, and seated himself beside Mrs. Harbottle, the youth fetched a deep sigh, and began to speak volumes, of which the following is but a brief abstract: "Madam, that I feel the most pure and unconquerable affection for your daughter is altogether undeniable; but the squire, now under the benign influence of Morpheus, has, I cannot but hope jocularly, been pleased

to mark out for me a course of studies which will, I feel, be impracticable."

"Ah, my dear," said Mrs. Harbottle, addressing her daughter, "your father has been insisting on those ridiculous conditions—I feared as much."

An imploring glance from the tea-urn too plainly intimated that Mabel partook of her mother's chagrin.

"Well, but madam," said Merton, fervently, "is there no way of evading these preposterous articles of treaty?"

"I fear not, indeed," was the reply. And both ladies shook their heads despondingly. And here the young suitor fell into a profound reverie.

At early daybreak the next morning, Merton was aroused by a vociferous hallooing, and the wild blast of a horn beneath his window, in the midst of which the stentorian voice of the squire broke upon his ear, summoning him without delay to the meet, some four miles distant.

With a heavy heart he proceeded to obey, and crawling down stairs, was at once conducted to a furious quadruped, whose locomotive propensities, even before he was well in the saddle, seemed to foretell disastrous downfall and disgrace, and intimated by anticipation that compound fractures and dislocations of the neck were by no means unfrequent to those adventurous cavaliers who should make up their minds, or rather their bodies, to mount her. But Merton, albeit unused to the hunting mood, was by no means disposed at that moment to dissolve the partnership then subsisting between himself and the four-legged pest which was capriciously gambling over the country; and accordingly contrived to attach himself as closely to the animal as an expectant heir to an expiring relative, and made himself, as it were, a part and portion of the beast with all the certain security of a Centaur, while the infinite encomiums at the conclusion of the day upon the manner in which he had acquitted himself, drew tears of delight into the eyes of Mabel, and caused the face of the elder lady to mantle with satisfaction.

And now more than a month had elapsed, and the West Indian had been regularly introduced into the vestibule of the various sciences to which it was deemed expedient that he should devote his attention, and in spite of the athletic strength and constitution of the squire, he had more than once contrived to bear away the palm of merit from his competitor. In truth, the severe exercises in which he was now for the first time a participator, had not only recruited his frame, but had given an impetus before unfelt to his constitution, and it was with rather a degree of satisfaction than otherwise that he obeyed the maternal mandates of the squire.

It is true there were several particular liege amusements not altogether recognised by the votaries of fashion, which—and he hugged himself in the conviction—were perfectly unknown to his aristocratic friends; and if he did occasionally hear corks drawn at incredibly short intervals, and cheerfully assist in the absorption of the fluid at such times liberated, who was the wiser? Not he, certainly.



HEADQUARTERS OF THE HARBOR POLICE, CORNER OF BATTERY AND STATE STREET.

But it was deemed high time by the ladies that these delights should have an end. They thought, and with reason, that the too implicit adherence to the squire's whims and fantasies would not only furnish forth a bad precedent but superinduce a fatal habit in the young man himself. The elder lady knew full well that "if vice by custom grow not into nature," it is an unsightly graft, nevertheless. And Mabel said, half upbraidingly, that "Henry was grown strangely partial to papa." And she began to believe quite seriously that he was likely to grow strangely inattentive to herself. But the old gentleman would hear of no terms of accommodation. He averred that he had not half done with the boy yet. He protested that his marriage would be his ruin, and declared that he would not hear a word about it, under penalty of breaking the match off altogether.

"What is to be done?" urged Merton, expostulating with the ladies in a private conference. "I solemnly aver that I have done everything in my power to conciliate the squire's esteem, and to deserve his friendship. I have tamed his most unruly horses; I have, more than once during our sparring exercises, caused him to adopt an involuntarily horizontal position; and I have seen him descend under the horizon of the table in all the glory of a setting sun. Can I do more?"

All this, it must be confessed, appeared reasonable and consolatory enough, at least, so far as they afforded evidence of our lover's unchanging affection; and each party was fain to wait patiently for a few weeks longer, till some more auspicious opportunity of compelling the squire to the spirit and letter of his agreement should occur. But the squire grew more inflexible daily. He had become attached to his young friend, and foresaw plainly that his union would cause an instant and final cessation of the agreeable course of amusements and companionship, without which he verily believed he should not be able to exist. He sought, therefore, to put off the evil day to an indefinite period, and was impractically impatient of any allusions to the subject. It became at length too evident to Merton that steps must be taken forthwith to check the over-weening self-will of the squire, and that such remonstrances should be made, as would effectually conduce to the end he had originally proposed to himself in his visit to Harbottle Court. Preparatory, however, to the discussion of the matter, he took the opportunity one morning when they were exercising themselves in sparring, to deliver such a blow at the old gentleman's ribs as could by no ingenuity be likened to anything more nearly, than to the effort of a giant furnished with a sledgehammer; and having enjoyed for a few moments a bird's-eye view of his prostrate antagonist, our gratified boxer betook himself leisurely to the breakfast-table. Immediately after the conclusion of the meal, a propitious silence having presented itself, the youth lifted up his heart and voice, and with much gravity delivered himself as follows: "Squire Harbottle, I beg you to bear in mind the purpose for which I came down."

"What do you mean, my dear fellow—what are you aiming at?" said Harbottle, in surprise.

"My meaning, squire, ought to be instantaneously obvious—your daughter, sir—"

"No, no, my good lad, not a word about it, I insist—a lad of your spirit—I am surprised!"

"Mr. Harbottle," said Merton, solemnly, "the institution of marriage needs no defence from me; all civilized nations have consented that such an institution is indispensable. I am a candidate for admission into that community."

"Pshaw!—stuff!—vile cant!" shouted the squire. "It mustn't be—I won't permit it."

"Let me refresh your memory by a recital of your own conditions," resumed Merton, in a gradually enlarging voice. "Sdeath, sir, I must not be trifled with! Am I not a Milo in strength?"

"You are, indeed," groaned the squire, embracing his ribs with much tenderness.

"Am I not a perfect Nimrod in hunting? Was there ever such a dare-devil in the county?"

"Never—I admit it."

"Was not Bacchus a young gentleman of regular habits compared with me?"

"He was, he was."

"Well, sir, then what do you mean?"

"Why," said the squire coaxingly, "I mean that you won't be foolish enough to marry my girl yet. There's plenty of time; she's young."

"And I am young," cried Merton, in a frenzy, "which you shall discover to your cost. Hark you, sir, you have raised a demon you will vainly endeavor to quell. It is now my turn to triumph. I shall stop here for life. You have warmed me at your fire, and I shall sting you to death by way of acquittance. I shall exterminate your stud; I shall make an end of you; no cellar shall keep pace with my convivial demands; I shall—"

"Hold, hold!" cried Harbottle, in alarm. "The man's mad! What do you want?"

"Your daughter," raved Merton.

"Take her," said the squire, promptly. "Where is the girl? Why, if the jade has not been laughing behind the window all the time. Step in, you wicked minx. What do you say—will you have this furious fellow?"

"If you wish it, papa; I have always been a dutiful child," said Mabel.

"And so now we are all satisfied, I suppose," said the squire, with the air of a man who had acted conscientiously.

"And now, Mr. Harbottle," concluded his wife, entering the room "you have done a sensible thing for once in your life."

About a week after, there was an unusual stir at Harbottle Court, and a bridal party proceeded to the church with becoming solemnity, where the old rector was calmly waiting to officiate; and there was also the usual amount of rejoicing and merriment in the neighborhood. An ox was roasted; men jumped about in sacks; lads climbed up a greased pole to grasp a watch they could not reach; and old shoes were thrown for luck after the happy pair, as they quitted the eccentric home of the last of the old English squires.

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN

Edited by Michael Phelan.

Diagrams of Remarkable Shots, Reports of Billiard Matches, criticism of interest concerning the game, addressed to the Editor of this column, will be thankfully received and published.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The writers of the numerous communications addressed to Mr. Phelan on billiard matters would do well to indicate whether they wish to receive answers to their interrogatories in "Our Billiard Column" or by letter. When they desire answers in the latter shape, they would do well to enclose a postage stamp.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Hamilton, C.W., August 10, 1859.

MICHAEL PHELAN, Esq.—Sir—A dispute arose here to-day in marking a game of billiards (American four ball game), where one player was discounting the other, and a bet was made, with the understanding that it was to be left to your decision. The game stood as follows: at the time the question arose: (R) white was discounting (C) black; white had 1 point on the string and black had 11. Black played and made a 2 and 3 shot—5 in all—and then pocketed his own ball, making 3 or white. White put back the point he had on the string, marked up 5 on black's side, and then took 3 for the pocket, making the score stand—white, 3; black, 16. But black claimed that because he had made 5, and white not having sufficient points to meet the discount, he was not entitled to the 3 for the pocket, which would make the game stand thus—white, 0; black, 16. White's argument was, that when black made the 2 shot his 1 point was discounted, and not having any more on the string, of course he could take them back, but claimed 3 for C's (black) pocket. Similar instances have occurred here a great many times, but we never could get the matter settled, and both parties are very anxious to hear your decision as the only reliable and best authority on billiards.

ANSWER.—White's scoring and reasoning are both correct. When black made his 2 shot, white forfeited all he could, viz., 1 point; when black made the 3 shot, white, having nothing, could forfeit nothing, no more than he could if the game had just commenced, and black having the lead, made a count by his first stroke. Discount is on the actual, and not on the prospective score, and, consequently, cannot be held over subsequent gains. Black's holding himself, and thereby giving 3 to white, was entirely distinct from and subsequent to his 3 shot, and his (black's) error arises from his confounding them into one and the same action. The score then marking white, 3; black, 16, was correct.

THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

PHELAN UNQUITTING.—A Saratoga exchange announces the arrival in that city last week of "Michael Phelan, the celebrated billiard player." There must be a slight mistake in the announcement; for, notwithstanding Phelan's command over the game of billiards, he can scarcely play two games at the same time on two different tables, in two different rooms, in two different cities and in two different States. Can the celebrated billiard player, who has been taken for Phelan in Saratoga, be the "Great Unknown," who appeared at Phelan's Billiard Rooms some short time since, and laid out the professional billiard players one after the other?

MR. PHELAN OUT WEST.—Our Western exchanges bring us interesting particulars of Mr. Phelan's Western tour. From a Pittsburgh contemporary we learn that on the arrival in that city of Messrs. Phelan & Bird, they were waited upon at the Monongahela House by a number of gentlemen, whose guests they were during the evening. They visited different billiard saloons, and played one or two games at the Franklin. In the evening Mr. Phelan played a game with Mr. Jackson, in which, says our contemporary, "he astonished the spectators by his extraordinary skill and the almost unaccountable beauty of his shots. The action was crowded with spectators, and the most intense admiration of our visitor's science was manifested." On Monday morning he was taken and Bird played a second game at the Franklin, in presence of two hundred spectators. Mr. Bird came out the victor by 28 points; Phelan's ball going into the pocket at a time when appearances indicated a long run, and giving the game to his antagonist, who had but a point to make.

From Pittsburgh the two knights of the cue went to Cincinnati, where they were received by Messrs. Bosman and Disman, proprietors of the International Saloon. During the morning a number of gentlemen visited the International for the purpose of paying their respects to the two gentlemen. During their stay, Messrs. Phelan and Bird, assisted by Mr. F. Tieman, gave a public exhibition at the rooms of the International.

A respected contemporary thus reports of the affair: "The playing was done under the most favorable circumstances, and the evening was so great that they would force themselves forward to the table, and at times it was impossible to distinguish the participants, much less see their operations." To obviate this, and give all the citizens an opportunity of witnessing the performance of some of the best billiard players of the age, arrangements were made for giving a public exhibition at the Melocoon, charging an admission fee of one dollar, the surplus, after expenses, to be donated to a charitable institution. The result of this we give in the Cincinnati papers. The Commercial says:

"At half-past eight o'clock, to use a phrase known in fighting parlance, time was called, and Bird and Tieman stepped to the table and entered on the formula of opening the first game. By arrangement, it was agreed that instead of playing a three-hand game, each one of the contestants would play with the other in games of 150 points up. Previous to the opening, it was also agreed that the winner of the first game was to play the second with Mr. Phelan, an honor which Messrs. Tieman and Bird both anxiously strove for. Mr. Tieman acknowledged his defeat with a gracious bow, and smilingly taking the hand of his competitor, complimented him upon the admirable manner in which he had played the game. During the encounter, Mr. Phelan labored under several very serious disadvantages. The ball were nearly a quarter of an inch larger than he is accustomed to playing with, while the table was much lower—two drawbacks which he in vain endeavored to overcome. His execution of caroms is indeed wonderful: striking his own ball, he will hit the object ball, and at the same time, four and five cushions, will make carom with the most utter precision. He plays in a easy and graceful manner, and never commits an error in the combination of a shot more than a second of time. We can recall to mind several shots he made during the evening that would have been deemed impossible had they been shown on a diagram, and but for the above-mentioned disadvantages, Mr. Tieman would have to play a much stronger game to carry off the laurels of the evening. All the spectators, who were in numbers quite large, were much pleased with the evening's entertainment, and left the hall with no misgivings in regard to the superiority of Phelan over all living players. His match with Mr. Roberts is progressing, and the return of the steamship Asia from Europe will undoubtedly bring the news that his challenge has been accepted. Should that be terminated in his favor, he will then throw down the gauntlet to Berger, the renowned French player, which will, as a public billiard player, be the act of Michael Phelan."

The Gazette gives the following account: "The result of this game gave great satisfaction to the friends of Mr. Tieman. He entered into it evidently with no view to win it if possible, and making few brilliant and but clever double shots during the game, contented himself with piling up 25. On his last run he made twenty 2 shots and one 3 shot, and went out with the balls in such a position that he could have doubtless made a very large run. On his eighth inning he made two very brilliant 6 shots."

Mr. Phelan, on the contrary, made two or three dazzling shots for effect. Upon his first innings Mr. Tieman counted on a brilliant shot, in which his ball crossed the table twice at an angle. Mr. Phelan replied on his second innings with a similar shot, likewise counting. He then drew his ball on the two rails, making 6, with the butt of his cue, and followed that up with a draw ball the length of the table. The appearance at these trials was very loud.

The third game was between Messrs. Phelan and Bird. Mr. Phelan won the lay out, and made the game in twenty-one innings.

Upon his thirteenth innings Mr. Phelan made a double back shot, similar to Mr. Bird's, though not so difficult, and made 6 off it. He made two brilliant shots upon his eighteenth innings, one of them when only the white ball was out and he was in hand. Upon his sixteenth innings the balls were in such a position that counting was difficult, and Mr. P. hesitated a moment as to the shot to be made. "Round the table!" some one of the spectators suggested, and round the table he played, and a count of 3 was the result. The playing lasted two hours.

Taken as a whole, the match was somewhat of a disappointment to the amateurs present. It seemed to be generally felt that the players were not doing their best. In a certain sense they were not, as they did not equal their best play. The highest run made was 57, and that is nothing extraordinary for tip-top players. But it must be remembered that this match was a friendly match, and that they would not be likely to exert themselves so much as when something, whether money or reputation, was at stake. And, as every billiard player knows, a great deal depends upon a variety of circumstances, in them selves small, but in the aggregate of importance. Sometimes the best player cannot make the simplest shot; he does not appear to have control of himself. Then, again, balls will run badly, despite his efforts to the contrary.

The balls used in the match on Saturday evening were a quarter of an inch larger in diameter than those Mr. Phelan is accustomed to use, and it must be remembered that he is Mr. Tieman's guest. His reputation is thoroughly established as the best player in America, and he would gain nothing by beating his courteous host.

Yet we saw enough of Mr. Phelan's power to convince us that he can, to use a common phrase, "do anything he wants to with the balls." That is, he is thoroughly conversant with the table.

Mr. Bird is a graceful and rapid player; his wrist is supple and his touch delicate. He never hesitates as to his shot, calculating the effect, but seems to be aware of it by instinct.

Mr. Tieman, on the contrary, is a slow player. He studies the effects of each shot, the position it will leave, &c.; but when his mind is made up he is sure. That difficult business of nursing, which appears so simple and yet is so very hard, he is master of, and upon this he relies for his success.

THE LILY AND THE VIOLET:

A Concert.

BY WILLIAM LOWELL REED.

A little star broke from the sky
Upon a summer's morn,
It fell beside a silvery lake:
A Lily-cup was born.

The mists of Heaven had formed at night
A tiny drop of dew,
At morn 'twas vanished from the sight
And left a Violet blue.

The modest Violet hung its head
Close where the Lily grew;
"You be my sky," the Lily said;
"I'll be a star to you."

And sister stars kept watch by night,
And heaven sent drops of dew,
To cheer the Lily-cup so white,
And kiss the Violet blue.

A PICTURE OF THE POPE.

By Edmund About,

A FRIEND OF LOUIS NAPOLEON'S, AND AUTHOR OF "ROME AND ITS NOTABILITIES."

I SHALL not forget that the Pope is sixty-seven years of age, that he wears a crown officially venerated by a hundred and thirty-nine millions of Catholics, that his private life has ever been exemplary, that he observes the most noble disinterestedness upon a throne where selfishness has long held sway, that he spontaneously commenced his reign by conferring benefits, that his first acts held out the fairest hopes to Italy and to Europe, that he exercises a precarious and dependent royalty under the protection of two foreign armies, and that he lives under the control of a Cardinal. But those who have fallen victims to the efforts made to replace him on the throne, those whom the Austrians have, at his request, shot and sabred, in order to re-establish his authority, and even those who toil in the plague-stricken plains of the Roman Campagna to fill his treasury, are far more to be pitied than he is.

Giovanni Maria, dei Conti Mastai Ferretti, born the 13th of May, 1792, and elected Pope the 16th of June, 1846, under the name of Pius IX., is a man who looks more than his actual age; he is short, obese, somewhat pallid, and in precarious health. His benevolent and sleepy countenance breathes good nature and lassitude, but has nothing of an imposing character. Gregory XIV., though ugly and pimply, is said to have had a grand air.

Pius IX. plays his part in the gorgeous shows of the Roman Catholic Church indifferently well. The faithful who have come from afar to see him perform mass, are a little surprised to see him take a pinch of snuff in the midst of the azure tinted clouds of incense. In his hours of leisure he plays at billiards for exercise, by order of his physicians.

He believes in God. He is not only a good Christian, but a devotee. In his enthusiasm for the Virgin Mary, he has invented a useless dogma, and disfigured the Piazza di Spagna by a monument of bad taste. His morals are pure, as they always have been, even when he was a young priest; such instances are common enough among our clergy, but rare, not to say miraculous, beyond the Alps.

He has nephews who, wonderful to believe, are neither rich nor powerful, not even princes. And yet there is no law which prevents him from spoiling his subjects for the benefit of his family. Gregory XIII. gave his nephew Ludovico £160,000 of good paper, worth so much cash. The Borghese family bought at one stroke ninety-five farms with the money of Paul V. A commission which met in 1840, under the presidency of the Reverend Father Vitelleschi, General of the Jesuits, decided, in order to put an end to such abuses, that the Popes should confine themselves to entailing property to the amount of £16,000 a year upon their favorite nephew and his family (with the right of creating an heir to the same privileges), and that the portion of each of their nieces should not exceed £36,000.

I am aware that nepotism fell into desuetude at the commencement of the eighteenth century; but there was nothing to prevent Pius IX. from bringing it into fashion again, after the example of Pius VI. if he chose; but he does not choose to do so. His relations are of the second order of nobility, and are not rich; he has done nothing to alter their position. His nephew, Count Mastai Ferretti, was recently married; and the Pope's wedding present consisted of a few diamonds, worth about £8,000. Nor did this modest gift cost the nation one bajocco. The diamonds came from the Sovereign of Turkey. Some ten years ago the Sultan of Constantinople, the Commander of the Faithful, presented the commander of the unfaithful with a saddle embroidered with precious stones. The travellers in the restoring line, who used to flock to Gaeta and Portici, carried off a great number of them in their bags; what they left are in the casket of the young Countess Ferretti.

The character of this respectable old man is made up of devotion, simplicity, vanity, weakness and obstinacy, with an occasional touch of rancor. He blesses withunction, and pardons with difficulty; he is a good priest, and an insufficient king.

His intellect, which has raised such great hopes, and caused such cruel disappointment is of a very ordinary capacity. I can hardly think he is infallible in temporal matters. His education is that of the average of cardinals in general. He talks French pretty well.

The Romans formed an exaggerated opinion of him at his accession, and have done so ever since. In 1847, when he honestly manifested a desire to do good, they called him a great man, whereas in point of fact he was simply a worthy man, who wished to act better than his predecessors had done, and thereby to win some applause from Europe. In 1859 he passes for a violent reactionist, because events have discouraged his good intentions; and above all, because Cardinal Antonelli, who masters him by fear, violently draws him backwards. I consider him as meriting neither past admiration nor present hatred. I pity him for having loosened the rein upon his people, without possessing the firmness requisite to restrain them reasonably. I pity still more that infirmity of character which now allows more evil to be done in his name than he has ever himself done good.

The failure of all his enterprises, and three or four accidents which happened in his presence, have given rise to the popular belief that the Vicar of Jesus Christ is what the Italians call *jellatore*—in other words, that he has the evil eye. When he drives along the Corso, the old women fall down on their knees, but they snap their fingers at him beneath their cloaks.

The members of the Italian secret societies impute to him—though for other reasons—all the evils which afflict their country. It is evident that the Italian question would be greatly simplified if there were no Pope at Rome; but the hatred of the Mazzinists against Pius IX. is to be condemned in all its personal aspects. They would kill him to a certainty if our troops were not there to defend him. This murder would be as unjust as that of Louis XVI., and as useless. The guillotine would deprive a good old man of his life, but it would not put an end to the bad principle of sacerdotal monarchy.

I did not seek an audience of Pius IX.; I neither kissed his hand nor his slipper; the only mark of attention I received from him was a few lines of insult in the *Giornale di Roma*. Still I never can hear him accused without defending him.

Let my readers for a moment put themselves in the place of this too illustrious and too unfortunate old man. After having been for nearly two years the favorite of public opinion, and the lion of Europe, he found himself obliged to quit the Quirinal Palace at a moment's notice. At Gaeta and Portici he tasted those lingering hours which sour the spirit of the exile. A grand and time-honored principle, of which the legitimacy is not doubtful to him, was violated in his person. His advisers unanimously said to him, "It is your own fault. You have endangered the monarchy by your ideas of progress. The immobility of governments is the *sine qua non* of the stability of thrones. You will not doubt this, if you read again the history of your predecessors." He had time to become con-

verted to this belief when the armies of the Catholic Powers once more opened for him the road to Rome. Overjoyed at seeing the principle saved, he vowed to himself never again to compromise it, but to reign without progress according to papal tradition. But those very foreign powers who had saved his crown, were the first to impose on him the condition of advancing! What was to be done? He was equally afraid to promise everything, and to refuse everything. After a long hesitation he promised in spite of himself; then he absolved himself for the sake of the future, from the engagements he had made for the sake of the present.

Now he is out of humor with his people, with the French and with himself. He knows the nation is suffering, but he allows himself to be persuaded that the misfortunes of the nation are indispensable to the safety of the Church. Those about him take care that the reproaches of his conscience shall be stifled by the recollections of 1848, and the dread of a new revolution. He stops his eyes and ears, and prepares to die calmly between his furious subjects on one hand, and his dissatisfied protectors on the other. Any man wanting in energy, placed as he is, would behave exactly in the same manner. The fault is not his, it is that of weakness and old age.

A JAPANESE CONJUROR.

OUR Japanese Merlin was seated cross-legged about ten yards from us, upon the raised platform of the floor of the apartment; behind him was a gold-colored screen with a painting of the peak of Fushuma in blue and white upon its glittering ground. He threw up the sleeves of his dress, and showed a piece of some tissue paper which he held in his hand. It was about six inches square, and by dexterous and delicate manipulation he formed it into a very good imitation of a butterfly, the wings being extended, and at the most each was one inch across. Holding the butterfly out in the palm of his hand, to show what it was, he placed two candles, which were beside him, in such a position as to allow him to wave a fan rapidly without affecting the flame, and then by a gentle motion of this fan over the paper insect, he proceeded to set it in motion. A counter draught of air from some quarter interfered with his efforts, and made the butterfly truant to his will, and the screen had to be moved a little to remedy this.

He then threw the paper butterfly up in the air, and gradually it seemed to acquire life from the action of his fan—now wheeling and dipping toward it, now tripping along its edge, then hovering over it, as we may see a butterfly do over a flower on a fine summer's day; then in wantonness wheeling away, and again returning to alight, the wings quivering with nervous restlessness. One could have sworn it was a live creature. Now it flew off to the light, and then the conjuror recalled it, and presently supplied a mate in the shape of another butterfly, and together they rose, and played about the old man's fan, varying their attentions between flitting with one another and fluttering along the edge of the fan. We repeatedly saw one on each side of it as he held it nearly vertically, and gave the fan a short quick motion; then one butterfly would pass over to the other, both would wheel away as if in play, and again return. A plant with some flowers stood in a pot near at hand; by gentle movement of the fan the pretty little creatures were led up to it, and then their delight! how they played about the leaves, sipped the flowers, kissed each other, and whisked off again with all the airs and graces of real butterflies! The audience was in ecstasies, and young and old clapped their hands with delight.

PARLOR GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

The Light of a Cheerful Face.—There is no greater every day virtue than cheerfulness. This quality in man among men is like sunshine to the day, or gentle, renewing moisture to parched herbs. The light of a cheerful face diffuses itself, and communicates the happy spirit that inspires it. The sweetest temper must sweeten in the atmosphere of continuous good humor. Be cheerful always. There is no path but will be easier traveled, no road but will be lighter, no shadow on heart or brain but will lift sooner in presence of a determined cheerfulness. It may at times seem difficult for the happiest tempered to keep the countenance of peace and content; but the difficulty will vanish when we truly consider that such a gloom and passionate despair do nothing but multiply thorns and thicken sorrows. It comes to us as providentially as good—and is a good, if we rightly apply its lessons; why not, then, cheerfully accept the gift, and thus blunt its apparent sting? Cheerfulness ought to be the fruit of philosophy and of Christianity. What is gained by peevishness and fretfulness—by perverse sadness and sullenness? If we are ill let us be cheered by the trust that we shall soon be in health—if misfortune befall us, let us be cheered by hopeful visions of better fortune—if death rob us of the dear ones, let us be cheered by the thought that they are only gone before, to the blissful bowers where we shall all meet to part no more for ever. Cultivate cheerfulness, it only for personal profit. The bad, the vicious, may be tolerably gay and vulgarly humorous, but seldom or never truly cheerful. Genuine cheerfulness is an almost certain index of a happy mind and a pure, good heart.

Character.—Men are to be estimated, as Johnson says, by the mass of character. A block of tin may have a grain of silver, but still it is tin; and a block of silver may have an alloy of tin, but still it is silver. The mass of Elijah's character was excellence, yet he was not without alloy. The mass of Job's character was base, yet he had a portion of real which was directed by God's great ends. And men are made the same use of as scaffolds; they are employed as means to erect a building, and then are taken down and destroyed.

Too True.—A few friends will go and bury us; affection will rear a stone, and plant a few flowers over our grave; in a brief period the little hillock will be smoothed down, and the stone will fall, and neither friend nor stranger will be concerned to ask which one of the forgotten millions of the earth was buried there. Every vestige that we ever lived upon the earth will have vanished away. All the little memorials of our remembrance—the lock of hair crossed in gold, or the portrait that hung in our dwelling, will cease to have the slightest interest to any living being.

An Opinion on the Fashions.—"My son," said an old turbaned Turk, one day, taking his child by the hand in the streets of Cairo, and pointing out to him on the opposite side a Frenchman just imported, in all the elegance of Parisian costume—"My son, look there! If you ever forget God and the Prophet, you may come to look like that!"

Ladies Fainting.—The ladies faint this season; it is all the rage. Not the old, faded, those whose beauty is on the wane, but the young a so; not rouge laid on with delicate fingers, and with tints hardly discernible to the eye, but laid on with a heavy hand and with an openness that is worthy a better cause. In the night the complexion really is dazzling, and the face wears a hue almost angelic in brilliancy. But in the morning, alas! the face looks bloated and resembles a white enamelled side of leather, cracked by the cold weather. If this habit was omitted, and the dresses outside were larger than the under dresses, or if the latter were of better material, if they must be seen, or were more comely, the crowds at this place would be more worthy of inspection. It is the universal remark that there are more commonly dressed women at Saratoga than in any other season, and this, too, is my judgment. Tinsel and untidiness do no good together. On this account the balls are not attractive.

Woman's Work.—From Michelet's work on Love we clip a few of his ideas regarding woman:

"Woman's work must always partake of love, for she is fit for nothing else. What is her natural aim, her mission? First, to love; second, to love but one; third, to love always."

"In love is her true sphere of labor, the only labor that is essential she should perform. It was that she should reserve herself entirely for this, that nature made her so incapable of performing the rude sort of earthly toil."

"Is true married life everything is poetry; and in the person who is loved everything is nobility."

"The proudest of men does with a good grace whatever he can do for the woman he loves. And she, queen of the house, whatever she may do, does everything royally."

Education of Girls.—Girls are too frequently early taught deceit, and they never forget the lesson. Boys are more outspoken. This is because boys are instructed that to be frank and open is to be manly and generous, while their sisters are perpetually admonished that "this is not pretty," or "it is not becoming," until they have learned to control their natural impulses, and to regulate their conduct by precepts and example. The result of all this is, that while men retain much of their natural dispositions, but too many women have made-up characters.

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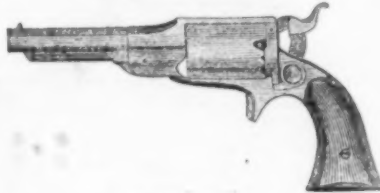
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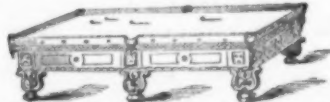
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